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CROSSING THE FERRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

Did you see her, that pretty girl,
Crossing the ferry?
Alas! she has set my poor heart in a whirl
With her laughter so merry,
And her lips like the cherry,
And her bright golden hair, just beginning to curl;
And her step like a fairy—
There, crossing the ferry!

She glows like a sunbeam, just out for the air,
As she comes to the ferry!
Were I but the breeze that is tossing her hair—
'Tis impudent, very—
I'd give worlds just to speak; but then who would dare
Say a word to the unknown mysterious fair,
With lips like the cherry,
Just crossing the ferry?

Then her eyes! And such eyes! How they flicker and flash
As she pays at the ferry.
The tolltaker stares, and mutters: "Oh, dash!
But 'tis bothersome, very,
When lips like the cherry,
And eyes that would knock all the planets to smash
Light up my old den at the ferry."

She is going to school—that I know from her looks
As she comes to the ferry!
What wouldn't I give just to carry her books!
You'd see how I'd carry!
While people around us are solemn as rocks,
I try to inveigle her into sly nooks,
As for boats we do tarry
Sometimes at the ferry.

Now she fits up the street like a dream,
Tripping fast from the ferry;
Now a halo she seems—now shows like a gleam
Of some vanishing fairy!
There she goes round the corner—
Oh! my heart is a goner.
I must be more wary
Of girls crossing the ferry.

MY GODDESS OF NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ETTIE ROGERS.

"And what is love?
An hour of bliss, an age of pain."

I was painting Nox, the Goddess of Night, and I desired and expected making my picture a unique and magnificent *chef d'œuvre*. I had already fixed upon my canvas an exquisite fragment of black spectral landscape, above and beyond which vividly gleamed a marvelous expanse of distant, darkly metallic-blue sky, filled with far, dim stars, and suffused with the magic splendor of a full silvery, pink, half-risen moon. Between zenith and horizon appeared a diaphanous, opalescent cloud that I had designed as an empyrean couch for my mythological divinity, who lay therein on vague and formless embryo. My ideal Nox was as yet a dainty and majestic vision of grace and beauty, that either eluded my brush or left a pale, unsatisfying shadow upon my cold, dead canvas.

Living model I had not. Never but once had I seen a being as delicately and divinely lovely and superb as I should have required a model to be. Long before, in a twilight promenade in the city of Lima, I had met one—"La Tapada"—whose features I had seen for an instant. In passing, the heavy fringe of her long, white, mantling veil that hid her head and face caught the burnished head of the supple cane I was swinging idly with a thoughtless hand. In an instant she was unmasked, as it were. The rich folds of thick, silky, white lace were drawn away, disclosing the chaste, plain dress of black satin, her uncovered head, her bare neck and arms.

Our best and brightest thoughts come to us sometimes as if meteorically; we know not wherefore nor whence. And so it happened that, looking at the stranger in that moment, I suddenly recalled the forgotten mythological lore of my college days, and instantly likened her to the Goddess of Night. Her great white veil floated all about her like a pearly cloud, and from her black dress her naked arms and neck and haughty, perfect face gleamed like whitest marble. Beneath her heavy, dusky brows, dignified by the slightest frown of wonder and displeasure, her large, languid black eyes were scintillant as gems.

"Pardon," I murmured in Spanish, as I instantly bent towards her, catching and clumsily adjusting her pretty, coquettish drapery.

"The gentleman is bold, but very polite," she answered in the same language.

Then, with a sudden, impulsive movement, she unfurled a red rose from her corsage, and tossed it towards me with a playful, siren smile. The next moment she vanished within the grim portals of a great church, and I saw her no more.

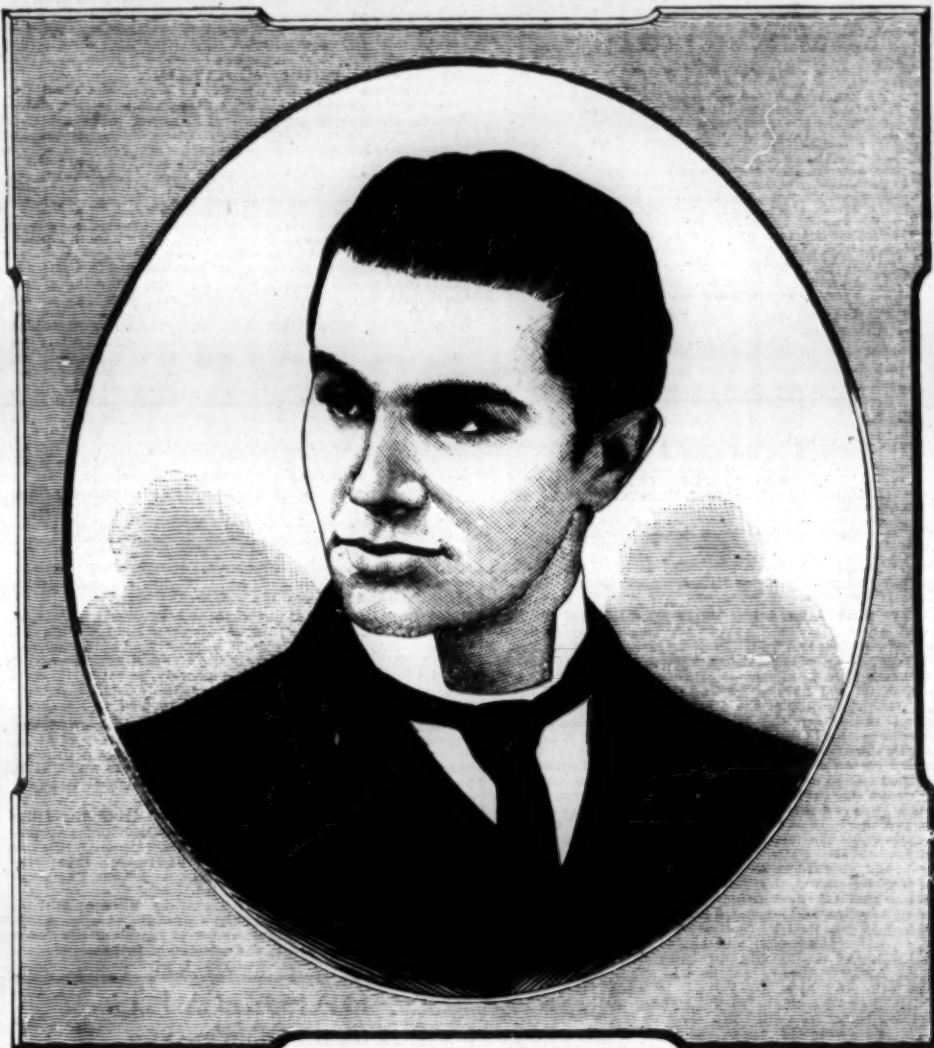
I had never forgotten her, and I was thinking of her now, sitting alone in my dim studio before my unfinished picture, while the wild, wind-driven March rain splashed against my windows, yet dully lighted by the angry crimson of a murky, watery sunset.

"What a superb model for Nox my handsome Lady of Lima would be!" I observed mentally. "A most tantalizing and alluring *fecunda* was she with her mysterious toilet—"La Tapada"—with her red rose and the sorcery of her smile. But, unfortunately, these magnificent women who suggest magnificent pictures never serve as artists' models."

As I turned impatiently away from my easel, someone tapped a low but imperative tap upon my door, and, rather annoyed, I quickly crossed the room to admit a stately figure clothed in dead black from head to foot, and wearing a voluminous veil of thick lace that was draped about her features in a peculiar foreign fashion, that left only one large, sparkling eye visible.

"Mr. Burchard has advertised for a model and has not been suited yet, I have been informed," explained my untimely visitor in purest English and in the most irresistible of accents. "Am I eligible for the service, do you think?"

She flung back her veil and mantle, and I saw standing



LOUIS HARRISON.

some stranger whom I had met for an instant in the streets of Lima.

"You are eligible, certainly," I assured her promptly, regarding her with surprise and mystification. "And I shall be pleased to engage you, especially as I owe you some courtesy, I believe, for—"

before me her of whom I had just been thinking—the hand—"Ah! we have met before," she interrupted, with a sudden, strange look. "But I remember now, and you have not forgotten. The world has changed for me since then. But for what am I to pose?" she proceeded, with abrupt rapidity, as if to avoid being questioned. "Of course, I expect only moderate remuneration, as I am not a professional. I relegate the monetary consideration entirely to your wish. But, really, I should scarcely like to become a model for—anything like Tintoretto's 'Toilet of Venus,' where one's toilet consists of only a bit of ribbon about one's toes," she concluded, faintly and falteringly, her eyes averted, her exquisite face drooping.

"You need not," I averred; "I need no Godiva. There is a dressing-room yonder, and within you will find the drapery I shall desire you to assume. You will come early to-morrow. And you must anticipate nothing disagreeable," I added encouragingly, as she turned to go.

"I shall anticipate only the most pleasant. *Au revoir*," she responded quickly, with a bewildering smile, as she moved gracefully down the corridor.

I had miraculously obtained the desired model for my *Goddess of Night*, and my picture progressed expeditiously to the finish. But my model still remained an interesting mystery, perplexing, bewitching and elusive. Of the real or false *lanthe* Girarde I only knew the little she chose to tell me, and that little was unsatisfactory, but not inconsistent.

She had been wealthy and had traveled much—she was a restless, fanciful cosmopolite, faultily eccentric and independent, no doubt, for so young a woman; but, having no ties of either love or kindred or home, she preferred to live her own sort of life in her own way. I could only infer that some pecuniary calamity had driven her to my studio that wet and windy March night.

She had made a magnificent model, and I had never tired of my work or her. Day after day she came and went, statuesque and passionless of face and figure, always in plainest dead black, and always wearing that great "La Tapada" veil like a curious mask.

But once within the studio—once in her poetic pose upon the cloudily white cushions of her divan—the superb length of her blackest hair lying in thick, loose masses almost to the feet of a form that gleamed like carved pearl through an artistic black gauze drapery—she was changed into such a creature as no one who adores the beautiful in woman could look upon without warming blood and quickening pulses.

The Goddess of Night upon my canvas was a grand, languishing divinity, faintly glowing in the pale splendors of a far heaven; the Goddess of Night upon the divan was a vivid, alluring, resistless incarnation—all earthly, perhaps, but none the less resistless. There was fatality in her slow smile, there was a dangerous witchery in the slumberous sweetness of her great Spanish eyes. The best of love for such a creature

could be but a delicious madness—ephemeral, perhaps, but diastrophic ever.

Against this sort of weak, seductive madness I had fought stoutly. But yet one bright day I sat staring vacantly upon my completed picture, wondering if my studio would seem unbearably desolate in the days to come, when *lanthe* Girarde would enter it no more.

Presently my handsome model came from her dressing-room and stood beside me. Her singular mantle she assumed for the street hung over one exquisite arm. She wore a charmingly simple silken dress of the rich, lustrous black she eternally affected, and deep-red roses were in her low corsage.

"You will want me no more now," she observed in a meek, merric whisper.

And just then her dainty, subtly-perfumed glove fell at my feet. As she bent to regain it I arose, and the awkwardness happened I scarcely know, but in that instant her warm cheek touched mine, and that touch vanquished my last resistance. Henceforth I was an idiotic slave—captive to the desires of an enchanting woman.

"Want you no more?" I repeated passionately. "I want you always, *lanthe*. You have bewitched me, I think, for to live a day away from you would be unspeakable wretchedness. What have you done to me, dear sorceress? Is this love, or is it insanity?"

"It is both," she answered slowly in a thrilling murmur. "Alas, both."

Even in that moment of blind passion I glanced at her curiously. Her eyes were strange and full of tears. Her beautiful lips were pale, and quivered painfully.

"And why?" I demanded wildly. "As you love me, why? By this kiss I claim you mine, and defy any fate to part us."

She gently pushed me away, weeping with repressed bitterness.

"And why?" she iterated sadly. "Because, if you are indeed mad enough to ask me, I cannot be your wife; and if I could I would not, for I am not worthy, and no love of mine, no sacrifice of mine, can ever make me so. Yet I am yours, now and always."

I did not understand her, nor did I question her; neither did I care to know what sorrowful or shameful mystery was hidden in the complications of her past existence. Though she had done wrong and suffered wrong, she stood before me now—all womanly, meek, tender—and wise.

And mine she was for a happy, brief time, during which I lived my life—I had my day. We had a pretty, dainty little nest of a home that Summer in a small, obscure hamlet beside the sea. No frowns of the censorious world could disturb us there, and I was sufficiently wealthy to live as luxuriously as my darling could desire.

She was like one transformed in those days. She was no longer haughty, capricious and coquettish; she was unassuming and gay, and natural as a child in all she did. Well I remember her that delicious Summer, as she used to sit singing through the house and among the garden-trees, always in white, always with roses in her black hair.

I remember well one morning how joyous and endearing

she was, and how ineffably sweet and lovely in her soft white toilet, with opals about her arms and throat, and a single white rose in her magnificent hair. I had just heard her happy voice somewhere in the sunshine out among the flowers, when a most unexpected guest quietly entered my little studio unannounced.

"Father!" I ejaculated, as I arose quite startled, seeing the parent whom I had supposed to be luxuriating with a new wife in some antipodal region of bliss. "You have surprised me immensely. You are not looking particularly well, either. And is Mrs. Burchard with you?" I ventured to inquire, rather dubiously.

"No, sir. She is not here with me," answered the old gentleman, regarding me with a scrutiny I fancied rather odd. "I have a revelation for you, Karl, that would be disagreeable and humiliating for any man to make. My hasty marriage was a mistake, and worse—it was a stupidity. I was egregiously duped by as shameless a woman as ever the Prince of Darkness sent to this earth to blind and beset men with her evil arts. She whom I married fled from me several months ago after robbing me of nearly half a million dollars in bonds, gold and precious gems. Very strangely," he went on with that curious, quizzing tone, "about the time I suppose you left the city she sent back to me her plunder—every dollar, every bond, every jewel. And still more strangely, a few moments ago I saw her walking out yonder under your garden elms. My son, why is she here with you?"

"Nonsense, father!" I returned with an uneasy laugh; "you could have seen no one walking under the trees but *lanthe*."

"And pray who may *lanthe* be?" he retorted sarcastically. "Are you aware that the stepmother I so idiotically chose for you calls herself *lanthe*?"

"There is some mistake," I protested obstinately; "I will call the lady you saw. And I fancy that by your courtesy to her you will acknowledge your error."

I ran down the marble steps along a path through golden lilacs, where the elm shadows were quivering over the rich, thick grass, but I could not discover my darling. She was not in the honeysuckle arbor, nor walking on the pleasant shore; neither could I see her pretty boat floating over the serene and amber water of the tiny inlet.

I hurried back to her boudoir. The door was ajar, but within was the silence of a sepulchre.

"She forgot her *sicilia* to-day, my vivacious, careless one, and she is sleeping now," I murmured fondly as I entered.

She was indeed sleeping—sleeping too profoundly to be ever again awakened by any passionate kisses or reproaches of mine. There she lay at my feet, prone on the rich carpet, her white robes covering her form like a cloud, her face hidden in her loose, massy locks, her arms clasped, as if in the last death-agony, above her head. She was quite dead. Some subtle Spanish poison had ended her ruined and mischievous existence, quickly and easily, be it hoped.

With an opal star she had pinned a pathetic little message for me over the stilled heart that had been less sinful, perhaps, if the world had been less unkind.

"Your father will tell you only truth, my poor Karl," she had written. "I should be ashamed to tell you, and you would be grieved to know, all the evil I have done. I felt I might be a little less wicked when I learned to love you. And I learned that love the first time I saw you in the streets of Lima, where I was only an adventuress. Long afterwards—some time after the great wrong I did your father—I heard of you as an artist. I only became your model to win you, and, once won, I had better ambitions, I think. Then I sent back the bonds and gold, as you will be informed. But no repentance and no atonement can ever redeem a sinful woman. I had the instincts of goodness, but the temptations were many; and I did not know how to work, and I could not starve. *Our love came too late*. There are many more like me. They do what they can; they struggle for a little time, love and suffer as I have, perhaps, and then succumb and die. *lanthe* only implores your forgetfulness."

I have small remembrance of what followed. I can remember how I shrieked long and loudly, like a child going mad—how my father came and took the letter and read it, and how I saw big tears wetting his hoary beard. Then how I raved when they took my poor dead darling from my arms; and how I rushed to my great picture, that covered one entire side of my little studio, and with knife and nail tore the canvas into shreds.

Then came blankness, utter and black; afterwards a sickening, wondering horror of a small cell and an iron grate before door and window—of an appalling noise of senseless laughter and frightful gibberings—later, of a sort of wretched and fettered freedom; and finally, of absolute liberty.

I left the asylum sane, but aged and gray and without hope or spirit.

I am rich, but my riches are valueless to me. I lived my life, I had my day, and I have become a philanthropist in a small way, spending my wealth and time only to benefit those scorned creatures who are too often sarcastically stigmatized as the victims of circumstances. And I have but one sweet memory, and that is of the foolish time when my Goddess of Night was but the vision of a passionate dream—too ethereal for my earthly embraces—an idealized spirit who gave me the highest ecstasy in alluring and eluding my fancies and desires. The consummation of my love brought me no perfect joy, and a shameful tragedy ended all. But I suppose I should philosophically consider that "What's gone and what's past help should be past grief."

LOUIS HARRISON,

a brother of Alice Harrison, the well-known comedienne and burlesque actress, with whom he is now touring the country, playing in "Photos," made his debut on the stage in 1874, in the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., playing Corley Jack in "The Old Curiosity Shop." He was next engaged for a season by Mrs. John Drew for the Arch-street Theatre. He made his first appearance in this city in the Grand Opera-house Dec. 18, 1876, playing Orsippo in "The Black Crook." He afterwards went to the California Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., under the management of John McCullough. Returning to New York, he was engaged by the Kinty Brothers to play King Pin in "A Trip to the Moon," and later he traveled with those managers through the South. He next joined Rice's Surprise Party, with which he remained until the close of the season of 1879-80.

It is one of the curiosities of natural history that a horse enjoys his food most when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.

BILLIARDS.

NEXT WEEK'S ENTERPRISE.

Quietly on April 1, for a reason we are not at liberty now to make public, it was concluded to transfer the venue from Tammany Hall to the Academy of Music, beginning April 11 and finishing on Friday. When this enterprise was first broached the calculation was that the odds would be at least 100 to 70 on Slooson. All we can spare space for now, as a guide to our readers at a distance, is the pointing-out that Schaefer has played the Champion's Game six times with presumed equals. Each time it was for the championship, and one thousand dollars depended, either in stake or in prize. He beat Seaton twice out of the three games he played him, but Seaton made more points than he in the three games. He has not beaten Slooson, who has scored a total of 1,500 to his 1,019. This is a heavy margin in favor of Slooson, amounting to fifty per cent., too much to have been overcome in the interval by any probable improvement on Schaefer's part. But Slooson can fall off. He has not been playing well in practice the past few days. Those who wish him success should endeavor to get the odds heavily on Schaefer. Then, with the weight shifted, Slooson will play better.

THE PHILADELPHIA TOURNAMENT.

Last week's paper gave the programme of this week's playing at the rooms in Philadelphia for the championship badge at cushion-caroms. This badge is regarded as even a finer specimen of the jeweler's handiwork than the emblem of the State championship at the regular three-ball carom game. Below the programme is given for the second week, beginning April 11:

Monday afternoon—Victor Estephe vs. Robert Hunter at Jas. Palmer's room; night, Bird vs. E. H. Nelson at Grubb & Marville's room.
Tuesday afternoon—Jacob Levy vs. Chris Bird at Estephe's room; night, Edward McLaughlin vs. Victor Estephe at the St. George Hotel.
Wednesday afternoon—James Palmer vs. Robert Hunter at McLaughlin's room; night, Palmer vs. Estephe at Shivers' room.
Thursday afternoon—Estephe vs. Levy at Nelson's room; night, Palmer vs. Nelson at Bird's room.
Friday afternoon—McLaughlin vs. Bird at McLaughlin's room; night, Palmer and Nelson at Nelson's room.
There will be no games on Saturday.

A CHANCE FOR FINGER-PLAYERS.—There are quite a number of them cropping up. Some are a good deal more skillful than others. Every one of them thinks he is the best in the world. All of them feed cushion-caroms more or less, since cushion-caroms constitute about the only kind of straight billiards that the fingers find it encouraging to play. John Swanton of Madison-square, Park row, proposes to "give the finger" to any one of this class of cushion-carom players. He authorizes us to announce that he will play anybody, fat or lean, long or short, colloquially chatty or provokingly dumb, at finger cushion-caroms for two hundred and fifty dollars a side. Swanton means business, and is not looking either for pools or for gate-money. Playing in private will suit him.

STRAY SHOTS.

* * * It is understood that the Harlem room Patrick Meagher purchased of Tom Ferris is in the market again.
* * * Record of the week of "pool for drinks"—In this city, one man had his skill frustrated in a second game in another was shot, and a third was stabbed. In Newark, N. J., nineteen persons were arrested on Sunday, April 3.
* * * George Mackenzie's room, Smith and Fulton streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., was sold out at auction last week.

* * * Sullivan, the Fall River, Mass., professional, has been in town for a few days.
* * * William Sexton and John Bessinger are to play on April 7 at Hill's for the benefit of Billy Field.

* * * Business is so lively with John F. Gleason that he intends to put two more tables in his Nassau-street room.
* * * Eugene Kinnaball of Rochester, N. Y., was in this city for several days last week.

* * * At Edwin Hotz's pool-room, 263 Bowery, the veteran Andrew Buist and the portly George H. Ellis fancied that they were playing pool for the first time. It was April 1.
* * * Melvin Foster has gone back to King's room. He has been under the weather lately.

* * * Brooklyn, N. Y., boasts of a clever finger-player—N. S. Woodman, formerly a barkeeper in this city.
* * * Amateur Wynnan McCrory's musical burlesque upon "L'Africaine" is to be brought out at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, towards the close of this month.

* * * Louis Shavert writes that he will reach here this week.
* * * Chicago sends us word that one of the strongest players in that city is relaxing his grasp on the cue in consequence of a mania for "standing pat." Poker and billiards have always been in antagonism.

* * * There was a gathering of notabilities in Cincinnati one night last week, the occasion being the celebration of Julius Baile's announced fifty-first birthday. Baile grows younger every year, and better.

* * * The old-timer Harry Eaton called on THE CLIPPER staff on the 4th inst. He will have charge of the room of the hotel at Long Beach, L. I. There are to be six tables there this summer. Meantime he continues to give lessons at William Wiggins' room, Brooklyn.

* * * Louis Shaw has been giving exhibitions in Syracuse, Oswego, Shortsville, Auburn, Geneva, Seneca Falls, Canandaigua, N. Y. On the 2d inst. he was to have entertained a party of guests at the residence of a prominent hardware merchant of Auburn.

* * * George Sutton has withdrawn from Frank Fitch's room, Troy. He arrived in this city on the 4th inst.

* * * The English players are following the bad examples set them by the "international" hangers in Paris and the New York games of many points and many nights, at St. Louis vs. Schaefer at Madison-square Garden in 1879 and at our Academy of Music in 1881, each "for \$2,000 a side." At last accounts they had postponed their championship match between Shorter and Bennett, and changed the venue from the Royal Aquarium to St. James' Hall.

* * * H. O. Carville, the Philadelphia roomkeeper, is recovering from an attack of typhoid fever.

* * * Edward Kendall, ex-champion of Massachusetts, has got "a big thing," which is patentable. He writes to THE CLIPPER that he will be in this city this week.

* * * Harry Johnson, somewhat known as a professional bartender, has taken the pool-room at 14 Stanton street.

* * * The thirty-first monthly meeting of the National Billiard-players' Association was held at the Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, April 4.

* * * The coping from the roof of an adjoining house fell through the billiard-room of Anton Gerstner, in the Bowery above Fifth street, on March 29. Fortunately, it came down endwise and thus missed the billiard-tables, but went through the floor as it had come through the roof. It made "a compound comminuted fracture" of the only chair in its way, but, luckily again, there was no one in it.

* * * The pool tournament at the Brunswick, Boston, was brought to a close on March 31, when the deciding game for the first prize, between Snyder and Ed. Wilder, was won by the former. Wilder took second prize, N. Harrington the third, and C. Charles the fourth.

* * * The Pennsylvanians are willing to pay a tax of five dollars on every table, whether it is called "pool" or "billiard." They hope that Harrisburg will be the first to do it.

* * * There is to be a five-mile marine railway erected at Long Beach, and at the eastern end of it there will be a Pavilion, for which two tables have been bought.

* * * It was an open question among the roomkeepers of Philadelphia whether they should have a badge or a cue as the emblem of their cushion-carom championship. The cue was finally voted down. And yet the cue is mightiest.

* * * Between his room in Brooklyn and his manufacturing and repairing business, the popular Billy Wiggins, for so many years the old firm of Phelan & Colclough, is kept very busy. He still flaunts the blue ribbon.

* * * Seaton is floating with the current. He has had all his down-stairs tables, five in number, converted into six-pockets. Both floors are now busy, the upper being devoted to caroms, save one table for pool.

* * * The fifty-fourth match between D. Richards and Harry Evans at the Aquarium, London, has been postponed indefinitely, because Richards objected to the table set up. Such a course is unknown in this country. It is much fairer and better, we take the present occasion to remind the public, than for a player who is the favorite, and who loses, to lay the blame of his defeat upon the table furnished.

* * * The five six-pocket tables in Seaton's lower room are to be wet to a thorough soaking about the night of April 8. There will be games by prominent knights of pool, but not exhibitions of caroming.

* * * In the matter of Oxford vs. Cambridge, J. Douglas-Lane beat A. F. S. Ford by 150 points in the single-handed match, and Lane and H. G. Hutchinson beat Ford and W. McEwen by 100 points in the double match, both at the English game.

* * * Complaints reach us from the interior of this State that billiards is dull for miles upon miles around; another letter of complaint is from Philadelphia, and the burden of it is that "the roomkeepers are getting poorer and the manufacturers richer;" while yet another complaint, but not from Philadelphia, is that "the differences, real or imaginary, between two prominent bookmakers at the time a certain affair was entered into, two months ago, have all been healed up, in furtherance of a common interest that comprehends the welfare of this city, Chicago and St. Louis."

* * * To-night, April 5, Yank Adams is to give one of his rare entertainments at Carl Schmidt's new room, Bowery.
* * * Furdy & Randall of Dallas, Texas, are to have a formal opening of their room next week, when the master of ceremonies will be Aleck Cockrell.
* * * The pool tilt, best in 21, between Charles Schaefer and William Edwards, which took place at the room of the Windsor Hotel, Jersey City, March 31, resulted in favor of the former, who won 11 games out of 15.
* * * The next enterprise on the tapis is a tournament at Republican Hall, this city, under Ubert & Schaefer. The proposition is to bar out Schaefer, Slooson and Seaton.
* * * At the Grand Central Hotel, Hot Springs, Ark., Frank T. Maguire had stolen from him the watch presented him by Yank Adams, as well as the charm presented him in Galveston, Texas, by George T. Stone.

CRICKET.

THE NEWARK CRICKET CLUB.—The regular annual meeting of this club for the election of officers for '81 took place at Newark on April 1, on which occasion there was a large gathering of members present, and business of considerable interest to the club was transacted. The election resulted in the selection of the following efficient corps of officers: President, Jas. D. Orton; vice-president, J. P. Poirier; treasurer, D. A. Nichols; secretary, Judge Miller; ground committee—Messrs. Briantall, Borie, Knight, Warner and Williams; delegate to cricket convention; Frank Satterthwaite. The committee selected the veteran bowler Fred Hallis as their groundkeeper for the season, and appointed Thursday, May 12, as their opening day. The club has expended nearly a thousand dollars on their new grounds, and they expect to have them in fine playing condition. Cricket will be a feature of the field sports at Newark this season, under the auspices of this new permanent organization of that city.

THE MOORE CITY CLUB.—This St. Louis cricket club held its annual meeting on March 28, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing season: President, G. M. Forster; vice-president, E. H. Lyett; treasurer, F. Hackey; secretary, T. D. Penn; executive committee—F. Adair, J. C. Rutwell, Wm. Jackson, F. A. Doughty, W. H. Chambers; field-captain, Stephen Walter. The club has prospered since its organization, in the Spring of 1878, and is now in good standing, having a membership of about seventy-five, and increasing. They anticipate a very lively season, as another club has been instituted there, viz., the Victoria, which will create a friendly rivalry, so essential to good cricket. The secretary's address is Thos. B. Penn, 72 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

THE BROOKLYN MANHATTAN CLUB will hold its Spring meeting at Jimmy Smith's Hotel, 52 Broad street, at 8 p. m., on April 6, to make arrangements for opening the season at Prospect Park. The promise is that by June next the Manhattan Club will occupy a more prominent and successful position in metropolitan cricket than it has done for years past.

AQUATIC.

COMING EVENTS.

April 8—Oxford and Cambridge 8-oared shell race, Thames, Eng.
May 28—New York and Staten Island Athletic Clubs 4-oared shell race, Kill von Kull, S. I.
May 30—Passaic River Amateur Rowing Association, annual open regatta, Newark, N. J.
June 6—Hudson River Yacht Club regatta, New York City.
June 6—East River Yacht Club annual regatta.
June 11—Atlantic Yacht Club regatta, N. Y. Bay.
June 11—New York Athletic Club annual regatta, Harlem River.
June 16—New York Yacht Club Spring regatta, N. Y. Bay.
June 16—Dorchester Mass. Yacht Club annual regatta.
July 12—Pacific Yacht Club annual regatta, San Francisco, Cal.
Sept. 1—Sculler's race, J. McVay vs. Ed. Hayes, Halifax, N. S.

PASSAIC RIVER A. R. ASSOCIATION.

The seventh annual open regatta of this organization will be held at Newark, N. J., on Decoration-day, Monday, May 30. The regatta is open to members of all amateur rowing clubs which have been duly organized three months prior to above date, and the races will be rowed over the regular mile-and-a-half straightaway course of the Association. The programme is as follows: Single sculls for juniors, double sculls, pair-oared gigs, single sculls for seniors, pair-oared shells, four-oared shells and six-oared gigs. Entrance-fee—Single sculls, \$5; double-sculls, \$10; pair-oared shells, \$10; pair-oared gigs, \$10; four-oared shells, \$15; six-oared gigs, \$20. Trial heats will be rowed in the morning, final heats in the afternoon. For individual prizes the following prizes will be given to each winning crew, and in addition thereto a handsome silk banner to the club of the winners. All races to be governed by the rules of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen. Two or more entries in each event or no race. The crew appearing must row over the course to secure the prize. A reception committee will meet all contestants, and direct them to the various boat-houses provided for their accommodation. If notice of their arrival is given to the secretary thirty-six hours in advance. Wm. F. Volk, secretary, 843 Broad street, Newark, N. J. Entries close on May 20, and protests must be made in writing to the secretary on or before May 27.

EMPIRE YACHT CLUB.

A split occurred in this metropolitan club over the decision at the last annual regatta, and the result of the disagreement was that those who upheld the fiat of the judges duly appointed, and who included nearly all of the officers, out loose from the objectors. They applied for a charter for the "Empire Yacht Club," no application having previously been made, and obtained it, and thereby insure the perpetuation of the organization formed in 1865. A few days ago the annual meeting was held, and the following officers were elected: Commodore, Harry Hill; vice-commodore, Daniel O'Brien; rear-commodore, John R. Macdonald; president, William O. Davis; secretary, George Young; treasurer, John Finnell; measurer, Andrew J. Brush; fleet-surgeon, Henry Rockwell, M. D.; judge-advocate, Hiram Ketchum; chaplain, H. E. Lynch; regatta-committee—Richard Cullin, John O'Brien, Merrill Hussey, Joseph Northrup and Dennis Sullivan; steward, Wm. H. Borst; sergeant-at-arms, Thomas Kearney. This is claimed as the only organization in this city legally entitled to the name of "Empire Yacht Club."

THE STATE AMATEUR ROWING ASSOCIATION of Louisiana, at a meeting held on March 28, authorized President Fitzpatrick to appoint a committee of three to memorialize the executive committee of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen to reinstate Frank J. Mumford of New Orleans, who was suspended at the same time that the Association disqualified Murray and Gaisel. The committee consists of Messrs. Morse, Burkhardt and Fitzpatrick, and a memorial will be signed by delegates from the different clubs to be presented to the Association.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Columbia Boat Club of Washington, D. C., was held April 2. The treasurer's report showed that the club has a handsome balance on hand for the coming season. The annual election of officers resulted as follows: H. W. Howgate, president; J. H. Gordon, vice-president; William T. Snyder, secretary; Harry C. Towles, financial secretary; E. F. Riggs, treasurer; W. H. Gibson, captain; J. S. Ziegler, first lieutenant; C. D. Davis, second lieutenant.

THE HALIFAX (N. S.) ROWING ASSOCIATION held their annual meeting March 31, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Charles Amund; vice-president, George Davis; treasurer, J. Dolphin; secretary, John T. Lithgow; committee of management—Alex. McDonald, Thos. Spelman, Dr. W. C. Cameron, M. Power and Wm. Ross. No business of importance was transacted.

THE ADELTA, a schooner-rigged steam yacht built for Mr. Peabody of the firm of Kidder, Peabody & Co., was on March 31 launched from the yard of Dennis Lawlor, East Boston, Mass. The new boat is 30 feet in length over all, 16 feet beam and 6 feet draft, and is expected that a speed of fifteen miles an hour will be attained.

ALFRED RALPH, who in 1857 was beaten by old Bob Chambers in a sculler's race on the Thames, died in London, Eng., of heart disease, March 20. He was for ten years proprietor of the White Horse, Wandsworth, and was an enthusiastic supporter of aquatic sports.

ARTHUR SLADE of Boston, Mass., has purchased the iron keel-sloop Vindex, built in 1870 for Robert Centre of New York. The Vindex is 63 feet long over all, 56 feet on waterline, 17 feet beam, and is the first iron yacht of any size ever owned in Boston.

THE WATKINS, a centre-board sloop, has been purchased from Boston parties by Blivet & Harrow of this city, and after receiving a new bowsprit and a spring sail of black paint, with a gold stripe, she will be brought here.

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK, president of the Louisiana State Rowing Association, brands as false all rumors of his having fled and supported F. J. Mumford, who is, in his opinion, the equal of any amateur sculler at the North.

The Olympic and Albany Boat Clubs of Albany, N. Y., will jointly occupy the boathouse of the latter organization, the Olympics having rented the privilege, with the intention of taking an active part in the campaign of 1881.

WM. MCKEN of Toronto, Ont., well known as a sculler, has, it is stated, given up rowing, and now works daily at his trade of machinist.

FRED STANDISH of the Detroit-river Navy contemplates retiring from rowing.

THE RESOLUTE BOAT CLUB of this city is now offered as follows: President, E. S. Whitman; vice-president, C. P. Hawley; secretary, E. M. Currier; treasurer, S. Hawley Jr.; captain, A. Whitman; lieutenant, F. D. Clarke.

WALLACE ROSS wants to arrange matches with Warren Smith, George Hooper and Charles E. Courtney, and intimates that if he fails to do so he is not adverse to again trying conclusions with Hanlan upon even terms.

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY CREW took up their quarters at Putney, on the Thames, March 29, and on the following day pulled over the full course in more than a minute less time than the Cantabs had shown in a trial.

THE CITY brought against the Boston and Hingham Steamboat Co., by the captain of the sloop yacht "Ladine," run into in 1879 by the steamer John Homer, has been settled by the payment of \$1,900.

JOHN MCKAY and Edward Hayes of Sambre have been matched to row over the championship course on Halifax harbor, N. S., Sept. 1, for \$500 a side.

FRED A. PLAINSTED arrived at Toronto, Ont., March 31, and will commence training at once. Hanlan will be with him while there.

CHARLES GAUDINER and Charles Annis, Canadian scullers, are matched to row a race at Toronto, Ont., on the Queen's birthday.

GODEFROY GOSLEY of this city has sold the schooner-yacht "Haze" to C. H. Osgood of Norwich, Ct.

THE TRIGGER.

MEMBERS of the Long Island Shooting Club engaged in some sport at Dexter Park, near Jamaica, L. I., on April 1. The first contest was at ten birds a piece, 21yds. rise, State rules, plunge-traps, for a clock, a gold badge, and 500 shells. Scores: Funnison, 10; Wilson, 9; Wesley, 9; Creed, 9; Steel, 9; Hammond, 9; Appel, 9; Munro, 9; Hill, 8; Anthony, 7; Lawrence, 7; Wisner, 6; Lee, 6; Newman, 6. In shooting of the tie on nine Wilson won second prize by killing four more successively to Wesley. Hammond and Appel's three apiece and Steel's one. The other contest was a two-dollar sweepstakes, three birds each, 30yds. rise, tie shot off miss and go out. Wilson, Connell, Appel, Steel, Lawrence, Funnison, Wisner, Hammond and Munro each killed all, and in shooting of the tie two former killed nine more each and divided, Appel dropping eight, Steel seven, and Lawrence three.

MEMBERS of the New York Gun Club had some practice at the Bergen Point, N. J., grounds April 2, when the weather was clear and cold. The Club-fund Cup was again shot for, ten birds each, with this result: Benjamin, 21yds, nine; Arthur, 25, eight; Dunleavy, 25, eight; Hammond, 25, eight; Lawrence, 25, seven; Howard, 25, six. In shooting of the tie Arthur won, killing two more. A sweepstakes at seven birds each, handicap rise, was won by A. B. Dever, 30yds., after shooting off a tie on five with Hoffman, 25; Howard, 25; and White, 28. Benjamin, 34, and Arthur, 35, each killed four, and Hammond, 36, three. A miss-and-go-out sweepstakes was won by Dunleavy, 27, with a score of eight; Howard, 26, seven; Hoffman, 27, six; Dexter, 26, three; and White, 28, two.

THE TURF.

NEW CLUB.—A number of well-known gentlemen interested in the trotting turf have leased the old Fleetwood Park and organized a club, with the following officers: President, T. C. Eastman; vice-president, S. F. Dewey; treasurer, Alex. Taylor Jr.; secretary, Harry Macdonald; executive committee—Shepherd F. Knapp, Frank Work, G. S. Moulton and David Bonner. There are now one hundred and thirty-five members on the roll. The park will hereafter be known as the "Gentlemen's Driving Club Grounds," and it is the purpose of the organization to give meetings annually at which premiums liberal enough to induce the entry of the best horses in the States will be offered. Gabe Case will have charge of the club-house, and Mr. Griffin will superintend the work of placing the track in good order.

THE BOSTON STALLION RACE.—The entries for the stallion race, which is to take place at Beacon Park, Boston, Mass., Sept. 16, closed April 1, and the list is as follows: Santa Clara, from California, by O. A. Micko; Wedgewood, from Massachusetts, by John Spink; Kentucky Wilkes, from Missouri, by E. H. Broadhead; Coaster, from Ohio, by G. E. Whitney; Voltaire, from Illinois, by J. W. Conly; Hambletonian Knox, from Maine, by E. H. Greeley; Robert McGregor, from Kansas, by H. F. Gilman; Francis Alexander, from Missouri, by W. C. Foster; Bonsetter, of Chicago, by H. Y. Bonnier; Hannis, of Baltimore, Md., by J. E. Turner; Monroe Chief, by P. V. Johnson; and Nil Desperandum, by John E. Turner.

THE TURF CLUB formally opened the doors of their newly-furnished club-house at Madison avenue and East Twenty-sixth street, this city, on Saturday evening, April 2. A contract with Leonard W. Jerome, proprietor of the building, who undertakes to keep the same and its contents in good order, and to provide for the wants of the members as regards refreshments, service, etc., for certain specified considerations, was ratified, and an executive committee, consisting of G. P. Fiske, Isaac Bell Jr., John A. Lowry, S. H. Robbins and J. G. K. Lawrence, appointed.

FOURTEEN BROODMARES—Lady Grace, Princess Ethel, Bess, Annie Stuart, Mary Adeline, The Queen's Viceroy, Old Stocking, Susie, Haricane, Water-sprite, Alacrity, Daybreak, Emily R. and Molly Stout—were on April 2 sold by Robt. Steel of the Cedar Park Farm, near Philadelphia, to Col. H. S. Russell of Milton, Mass.

AT THE SALE of a draft from Count Lagrange's stable in Paris, France, those present were suspected of having combined for a "knock-out," which the Count frustrated by buying in all the horses.

SPORTING NOTES.

... The colored trainer Louis Riggs, expelled for his connection with the notorious Bill Base case a few years ago, has been reinstated by the Kentucky Racing Association.

... The Illinois Senate has passed a bill against pool-selling. It is thought the Assembly will not concur.

... The flyers are already hard at work taking exercise on the track at Jerome Park.

... It is given out that Richard Ten Broeck has paid the rather long price of \$7,000 for the three-year-old colt Randolph, formerly Marshfield, to send him to England.

... So far this season the catch of shad has been small. Wind and weather permitting, the yield will improve soon.

... John W. Conley of Chicago has gone to California, taking with him a number of horses in promising form.

... As a result of clipping Maud R., she looks so mean that the other day a pair of gipsies in Cincinnati refused to swap their gray "plugs" for her unless the dandy who was exercising Maud would give \$20 to boot.

... The Knickerbocker Club have finally decided to buy the house on the northeast corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-second street, this city, as a new headquarters.

... The trotter Darby will not be on the turf this year.

... Amos' assasin M. Clay, the sire of American Girl from an unknown mare, has just died in Philadelphia.

... The Stockton Rifle Range will open its season at Camden, N. J., on April 9. There will be seven days' sport.

... A mare in England has just accomplished the remarkable feat, for one twenty-one years old, of giving birth to triplets, two living. She had prematurely brought forth twins about two years before.

... Leonard W. Jerome will have about a dozen running horses under his immediate control the coming season.

... Edwin Bibby and Wm. Hoeder give daily exhibitions of wrestling at the Barnum mammoth show.

... The bicyclists of San Francisco, Cal., enjoy frequent moonlight rides to the Cliff House.

... C. A. Butler of the San Francisco Club recently rode on a bicycle from that city to San Jose and return, about ninety-eight miles.

... Bend Orr II.

... A two-year-old colt, by Lord Derby out of My Lady, owned by J. Robertson, has been named Nidit in the Cabinet.

... W. E. Withersall made the best score, 20, in the shoot of the Raymond Club at Wellington, Mass., April 1.

... The Cincinnati (O.) Roller-skating Association will open their new rink at Seventh and Freeman streets April 15, under J. E. Kline's management.

... Quinn, the Prescott, Ontario, sculler, will, it is stated, shortly place himself under Hanlan, which proceeding ought to result in improvement.

... An effort will probably be made to secure this year's annual regatta of the Northwestern A. B. A. for Detroit, Mich. The place must be decided upon by April 15.

... The trotting gelding Tom Shilley has been sold by W. W. Kelly of Detroit to M. M. Hyatt of Pittsburgh, Pa.

... A fruitless chase was enjoyed by the Elbridge Fox-hunting Club in Baltimore County, Md., April 2, Reynard successfully eluding the amateur hunters in pursuit.

... Mrs. Eliza Cozad of San Francisco, Cal., is very anxious to hear from her husband, John Wesley Cozad, the Pacific Slope pedestrian.

... The unreasonable northwest blizzard which prevails as we write shut pan on the baseballists here on April 3. Players and spectators were frozen out.

... The sales of the Woodburn and Frookness yearlings will take place near Lexington, Ky., May 25, 26.

... Company F for the third successive time won the monthly rifle competition of the Sixty-fifth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., at Buffalo, April 2.

... Henri Say has sold the steam-yacht Henrietta to B. Riviere of Port au Prince, and under the new name of Tout Monde it will be run as a passenger steamer in Haytian waters.

... Two eight-oared boats were capsized during squalls on the Thames, Eng., April 2, six persons being drowned.

... Charles Rowell is now on the ocean, homeward bound.

... The Indiana Legislature has appropriated \$2,000 for the purpose of encouraging the propagation of fish within the State.

... The Lancashire Witch, Sir Thomas Heeketh's steam-yacht, arrived at Liverpool, Eng., March 8, eighty days from Tahiti, Pacific Ocean.

... A new archery club is to be organized at San Francisco, Cal.

... A fifth-of-a-mile track is to be built at Oakland, Cal., and other improvements made for the accommodation of athletic clubs, bicyclists, baseballers, etc.

... An exhibition of hunting, shooting and fishing apparatus and specimens of taxidermy is to be held at Cleveland, Ohio, from June to October.

... Pierre Lorillard's steam-yacht Radha will make a trial trip in a few days.

... The Glean, W. H. Graham's steam-yacht, has returned from a cruise in the waters of Florida.

... Lord Brownlow and friends arrived at Havana, Cuba, March 30, in the steam-yacht Sea King.

... The annual match between the representative football teams of England and Scotland was played March 12, at Kennington Oval, London, Scotland winning by six goals to one.

... A fish-skinning contest was to have taken place in Gloucester, Mass., recently, but the authorities, holding that such a competition was detrimental to the interests of the town, prohibited it.

... The steam-yacht Titania left Southampton, Eng., Feb. 28, and reached Havana, Spain, March 7, after a terribly stormy passage, during which she was nearly lost.

... Roller-skate polo was played for the last time this season in Baltimore, Md., March 31, the Washington and Baltimore Clubs playing a tie game.

... A new club-house for the Scavanhaka Yacht Club is now in course of erection on Staten Island.

... J. G. Bennett has given Ward & Stanton of Newburg, N. Y., the order for a steam-yacht for ocean service.

... The steamer Henry Frank arrived at New Orleans, La., from Memphis, Tenn., April 2, with 9,226 bales of cotton, which, we believe, beats anything previously recorded.

... A large number of prizes, valuable and useful, have been promised for the State Sportsmen's Association tourney, to be held at Coney Island in June.

... The order for a star yacht for ocean service, which was to be built at the yard of Messrs. Carrer and Scott each shot at 9,250 glass balls, there not being enough to make up the 10,000 a side stipulated for.

... An English chess expert, Mr. Burn, arrived in New York a few days ago.

... A number of J. R. Keene's blooded mares will be bred to Ten Broeck.

... John W. Shaw of New York now owns a two-year-old sister to Ten Broeck the trotter.

... Francis Hatheway of New Bedford, Mass., has bought the yacht Cleo.

... An average of \$250 per head was brought by the second instalment of American road and coach horses sold in England.

... Edwin Anthony, captain of the Oxford team in the last annual chess match with Cambridge University, is in this city.

... The Eastern Field Trials Club will open their next meeting on Thanksgiving-day. Entries will close Oct. 1.

... Saturday, April 2, was the opening-day of the baseball season in this vicinity.

... A successful "trout-opening" was held at Fulton Market, this city, April 1, 2. The slabs of Eugene Blackford and other fishermen were covered with varieties of the luscious fish, and visitors were numerous.

... The initial hunt of the New York Hare and Hounds was held on April 2. The starting and finishing point was Macomb's dam, and the run occupied less than two hours.

... Admirers of skillful horsemanship applauded the participants in the annual exhibition of the New York Riding Club at Dickel's Academy, 128 West 50th street, April 2.

THE GOLDEN PUP.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I used to own a golden pup,
A perfect curiosity;
My lap he'd fondly clamber up
And down with great composure.
The brickbat never caused him grief,
Though he was wild and ornery;
His so-called tail was very brief,
Diagonal and cornery.
He had a low-cut eye of blue,
Yet wasn't wholly sinister,
But on the light, and when unto
His appetite I'd minister.
Around me he would wildly jump
And strike a joyous attitude,
And sideways glance and wag his stump,
Electrified with gratitude.
He'd hunt the ash-box and the cat
With feelings quite hilarious,
While other dogs would marvel at
His symmetry so various.
Before the rat's *andante* could
Surprise his keen auricular,
That tasselled member would
Assume the perpendicular.
And he across the room would fly
In ecstasy comparative,
And at the rat-hole place his eye
And try to wag his narrative.
He'd watch the steak upon the bench,
And weigh the case and speculate,
Then, with a double-barreled wrench,
The same he'd neatly punctuate.
I'd capture him in great distress,
And thump him for his knavery;
Although he'd run, I must confess
His supercilious bravery;
For once a mile he ventured near—
A mule with visions garlanded—
And I must tell you with a tear
That pup was quickly startled.
To Ultima Thule he did flit:
The mule was young and pliable,
The dog was rash, and I admit
The kick was justifiable.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE GOLDEN LADY;

OR,

The Life and Death of a Clown.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WILLIAM HARDING ("COMMODORE ROBIN").Entered According to Act of Congress, in the year 1881, by FRANK
QUEEN, in the office of the Librarian of Congress,
at Washington, D. C.

CHAPTER IX.

PAPIOL BECOMES PRUDENT.

The letter was addressed to Sebastian. Cousin Armande, whose infancy had been a great deal more occupied with dolls and dolls' dresses than with grammar and syntax, had consequently never been able to entirely get rid of the most singular orthographical ideas. Besides, she hid her ignorance beneath a number of brilliant souvenirs and interesting anecdotes, and thus even managed to pass for an educated woman. Fearing to lose this reputation, she wrote very little indeed. Her correspondence generally consisted in a few laconic notes, a great deal of matter in a very few words—a fact that redoubled the admiration she inspired. On this occasion, being forced to write a pretty long letter, she had addressed it to her nephew, knowing that he loved her too much to make fun of her, and had begged him to impart its contents to Mons. and Mile. De Villaudric.

Night was falling when the letter was placed in Sebastian's hands, as he was walking beneath the windows of the mansion. He quickly tore the envelope open, and not without anxiety for he knew that his aunt only wrote upon grand occasions. He had no sooner perused the first few lines when he was forced to lean against the wall for support. A husband for Arabelle was death to him, for he had never ceased to love her, and he knew that it was easier to renounce life than to give up all hope. True, his cousin, who had been so sweet-tempered to him at the commencement, had of late been very cruel to him, and now she was so cold, hardly glancing at him, speaking very little to him, considering his presence in the same light as that of a piece of furniture she was accustomed to see. But he felt so much patient tenderness for her, so much devotion, ready for any effort, for any amount of waiting, that he hoped, poor young and inexperienced heart, that some day or other she would perceive that he was there and that he was suffering, and then he thought that she would have pity upon his sufferings. The reasoning of a violet crushed beneath the feet of a passing woman. And now this letter had come, aggravating the present and ruining the future. He stopped as he reached the first step leading up into the house, and, bursting into tears, he murmured, with his face hidden in his hands:

"Aunt Armande! This is bad! This is bad!"
Suddenly an idea flashed across his mind. Nobody knew that he had received the letter, and he need not show it. He could reply to Cousin Armande that Arabelle refused to marry Mons. Gineres; that she, being of noble birth, could not marry a man of inferior rank; anyhow, he could soon find another pretext if that one did not suit, for they could not be wanting, as it seemed so natural to him that his cousin should not marry Mons. Gineres! Yes, yes! That was what he had to do; and Mons. De Villaudric would never know the truth any more than Arabelle would. And then, when he was comfortably married to Arabelle, he would tell his wife everything, and would make her so happy that she would never think of reproaching him for his duplicity. But the honorable young fellow was not slow to acknowledge to himself that he had not the right to act in that manner. The proposed marriage, in spite of the fact that the suitor was of mean birth, was an unexpected stroke of luck. Mons. Gineres was reputed to be very rich, and would be able to satisfy Arabelle's undisguised taste for luxury; perhaps she would be happy with such a husband. And after all, who was he—Sebastian? Arabelle was his only object in the world, and because he had been fool enough to fall in love with her he was not justified in condemning her to remain alone and unprovided for. And so he resolved to do his duty; that is to say, to warn his cousin of the banker's intentions. He had one last hope—perhaps she would refuse. He knew that she was naturally very haughty and proud of her ancient descent; she might turn up her nose at this man, who, after all, had only his riches to boast of, and whose name was not free from scandal. Sebastian remembered the report that a younger brother of Mons. Gineres was supposed to have been sentenced to a term of imprisonment for forgery. He was, besides, a debauchee and a gambler, and had finished badly; so Sebastian concluded that she would never marry the brother of a forger. He entered the house, but a long time had elapsed while he had been hesitating; there was no longer anybody in the sitting-room. He walked upstairs and discreetly tapped at Arabelle's door, but in vain.

"Cousin," he said softly in a voice broken with emotion. No answer.
"The evening is pretty warm," he thought; "perhaps Arabelle has strolled out into the garden."
In a few moments he was again in the garden, thinking to himself that he gave himself a lot of trouble to assure his own unhappiness. He followed all the paths, and peered into all the nooks in which Arabelle was in the habit of coming to sit. But everything was as silent as the desert, and not a single window of the house was illuminated.

Where could she be? Suddenly he caught sight of a gleam of light among the trees in the direction of the

stable. As he drew nearer he saw that it was the lamp behind the windows of the garret in which Papiol slept.

"Dominique is not yet asleep," murmured Sebastian to himself; "I must ask him if he knows where my cousin has gone to."

He drew nearer. The ladder leading to the garret was against the wall; for the window served both as a window and a door, Papiol's apartment being nothing more than an old hay-loft turned into a room.

"Dominique!" cried Sebastian in that low voice that timid persons generally use when in the dark.

Then he waited for an answer.

"He has not heard me," he murmured at length; "he has perhaps gone to sleep without putting out his lamp."

Just as he was upon the point of putting his hand upon the ladder, with the intention of climbing up and knocking right over his head. He was not mistaken. He soon plainly distinguished voices in Dominique's room. Who could it be? Arabelle's voice! Sebastian was almost stupefied with astonishment.

"No! no! It is not possible! I am mad! What could she be doing in that man's room? I am a wretch to believe it. But stop! Yes, it is her voice! I should think that I cannot be mistaken about her voice! Ah! They seem to be kissing each other. Oh, I am surely dreaming! Arabelle in love with a man-servant! Oh, I am truly dreaming! I shall soon wake up. Nothing is true; neither the letter, the light, nor these voices. How I shall laugh at myself when I wake up!"

And Sebastian was so thoroughly convinced that he was the victim of some hideous nightmare that, having jumped up from his recumbent position, like a person moving in bed to chase away a bad dream, he thought that he was still dreaming, when he suddenly felt his leg caught in an iron jaw. With heroic presence of mind he stopped himself from crying out with pain, saying to himself:

"At any rate, I must now be upon the point of awakening."

But at last the sharp pain that he experienced in his leg forced him to acknowledge that he was not asleep, that the letter was in his hand, and that he could hear voices above his head. He had been caught in a wolf-trap, which that Papiol, a careful man; was in the habit of using at night to fortify the first round of the ladder leading to his garret. So there was poor Sebastian, with his leg in the trap and the voices ringing in his ears. His next impulse was to shout for help, but, in spite of his pain and agony, he had presence of mind enough to remember that if he called for help that Arabelle would be caught and lost forever. So he remained silent and immovable, with his hands over his mouth so as to prevent himself from making a noise in spite of his endeavors. Sebastian was a young fellow who was but poorly gifted with physical strength, and he soon fainted from pain and exhaustion. When he came to his senses it was broad daylight, and Dominique was in the act of freeing him from the trap.

"Ah! ah! my young gentleman, so it seems that you have been punished for your curiosity."

Sebastian started back in horror. Just at that moment Mariette, a stout, healthy servant-girl, happened to pass along with an oaken bucket on her head.

"Mariette," cried Papiol, laughing, "if you don't want mademoiselle to turn us both out of the house you must beg Mons. Sebastian to keep it a secret; he knows all about it, my poor girl."

Then, turning to Sebastian, while Mariette, who had not understood Papiol's meaning, passed along with a laugh, he added:

"I hope that you won't betray us, Mons. Sebastian. I don't much care about myself, but I should not like poor Mariette to lose her position on account of me."

"And so it was only Mariette," thought Sebastian, and he again became insensible, but this time it was out of pure joy.

Just at that moment Papiol happened to catch sight of Cousin Armande's letter in Sebastian's hand, and with a quiet smile he secured it and put it into his own pocket. One of Papiol's leading principles was that it is always useful to know other people's affairs.

CHAPTER X.

AN UNPLEASANT RIDE.

On the same day, Arabelle started out for one of her usual rides, accompanied by Dominique. They followed a splendidly cool walk, beneath the trees, a place little frequented by anybody but Arabelle and her servant. When they were at some distance from the house, she turned to Papiol, or Dominique, and said abruptly:

"Well?"
"Well," was the smiling reply, "he believed what I wanted him to believe. Only an hour ago, still limping with pain, he came to me, and, calling me on one side, asked me if I did not think of marrying Mariette. I told him that I would consult you."

"Fool!"
"Not such a fool as all that. Mariette is a fine girl, and if you were to advise me to do so I should be quite capable of marrying her. Besides, you are going to be married."

"Yes, you."
"With Sebastian, perhaps?" replied Arabelle, with a laugh.

"Oh, no! I don't fear that one. You have better taste than that. But your cousin is not the only man on earth."

"Who, then?"
"Think."

"Nobody comes to Villaudric, and unless I am going to marry Gambardie, my father's factotum—"
"No! Gambardie is not the man you will marry." Arabelle did not speak, dreading some new insult.

"You passed the last winter in Toulouse, did you not?"

"Yes," she replied curtly.

"Have you never met Mons. Gineres?"
"Mons. Gineres?"
"Yes; a banker."

"Yes," she replied after a moment's thought; "I know him. He often dined with Cousin Armande."

"There, you see, and so I have the honor to demand your hand in marriage for Mons. Gineres, banker of Toulouse."

"You are joking," she replied.

"No, I am not. Mons. Gineres needs your father's influence to push his candidature for membership of the Council General. The financier wishes to become a politician. He marries you and enriches you. Look!"

Stupefied from the very first lines, she stopped her horse and commenced to read eagerly, while Papiol looked on with a brutal grimace. As soon as she had finished, he said sharply:

"What do you think of it?"

"Nothing!" she replied suddenly, darting off at a gallop.

"Not so fast! not so fast!" cried Papiol. "My old stallion can't follow your mare."

Arabelle did not even hear him, but lashed her horse furiously, causing the animal to fly across the fields like the wind.

"Oh! oh!" murmured Papiol, after having tried in vain to raise a gallop out of his old horse, "I think that my affairs are going badly. A banker is a dangerous rival. It is evident that Gineres' money will turn Arabelle's head. I was so comfortable and quiet here. Mons. De Villaudric adores me on account of the interest I take in all his inventions, and I had made up my mind to pass the remainder of my life between the good old gentleman and his charming daughter. I felt that I was becoming an honest man. Why, I have actually arrived at the point of seeing money in a drawer and not transferring it immediately to my pockets. I was thinking seriously of contenting myself with my wages, and was getting fat at the same time that I was getting honest. Why the deuce did I tell Arabelle anything about the matter? I only had to tear the letter up, and Gineres did not exist. No! I'm wrong. Sebastian would have spoken about it; besides, not receiving any

answer, Cousin Armande would have written again. The situation is not a very pleasant one. Far from it. If Arabelle gets married I shall lose my place—such a splendid, comfortable place. Suppose I say that Arabelle shall not marry? Well; then she won't marry. It can't be a very difficult task to break off a marriage that is not even agreed upon. It's between you and me, Mons. Gineres. It would be a very nice thing to have the banker's money, but I'll defy her to get rid of Dominique. All will go well; and if she absolutely wants to get married, why, I'll sacrifice myself and marry her. I will give her my name, or rather any of my names; she can be Madame Dominique, Madame Papiol, Madame Aladin, or madame anything she likes. That's an advantage that Gineres does not offer her."

Thereupon Papiol started his horse off at a trot, and wended his way back towards the house.

CHAPTER XI.

As Arabelle dashed across the fields, a thousand conflicting thoughts flashed across her mind. Mons. Gineres was said to be very rich. To leave Villaudric at last! And live in Toulouse, perhaps even in Paris! She saw herself at balls, surrounded by admirers, honored, and also loved. Beautiful as she was, what rival would she have to fear? And then, what a future awaited her! Her husband would first be a member of the Council General, then a deputy, when he would occupy a high position in the political world, thanks to her, for she would warn, guide and push him. Her dream was within her grasp. It was no use hesitating; the marriage must take place.

But how about Dominique? How was he to be got out of the way? Now was the time that she bitterly regretted her fault. What to be a month younger? Why had her Cousin Armande not written sooner? Papiol might say to her: "You shall not marry!" What could she reply to him? A man of honor would sacrifice himself in her interest—but a servant! Could she get him away by a ruse? Could she buy his silence and disappearance? Where would she get the money from? The drawers were nearly empty, Mons. De Villaudric was in debt. Perhaps Dominique loved her! If so, he was sure to refuse to leave. Should she use violence? The idea was simply childish. It would be necessary to draw him into a trap where physical strength would be useless. Her mind became filled with romantic crimes. She thought of poison. Why not? Who would ever suspect her of being guilty? But then it was terrible to think of. But what was she to do if he refused to leave? She also fancied that she saw herself pushing him over a precipice, into a well, or into a deep hole—anything, in fact, that he would never be able to get out of again. Oh, how she hated him now! What pleasure it would give her to see him at the bottom of some abyss, while she stood upon the brink, throwing stones and curses at him. "Go! go! Die! disappear!" she fancied she heard herself say. "If it had not been for you, I should still be a girl like others, who are respected and sought in marriage. I cast you off! I am free. I shall be rich, admired, envied!"

But again the stern reality flashed across her mind. She could not even murder him. She was going to return, and would be sure to find him at the house, smiling and good-tempered, saying:

"You know I won't have you marry Gineres!"

CHAPTER XII.

ARABELLE THINKS THAT SHE SEES A WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY.

While all these ideas were coursing through her mind, her horse, that she had been neglecting to guide, had made its way home, and she found herself in front of the garden-gate. Springing to the ground, she herself conducted the animal to the stable. She then rapidly ran upstairs, entered her own room, and double-locked the door. She was now a little calmer, and murmured to herself:

"Let's reason over it."

Papiol had his weak point, and that weak point was fear. In spite of his bombastic airs, he was subject to a peculiar kind of fear—dread of too much conspicuousness; a kind of watchful, sly fear; the instinct of an animal that has already once been trapped. She must profit by this dread, and draw Papiol into some scrape that would not only force him to fly, but would prevent him from returning. Seated in front of her fireplace, one knee between her hands, her eyes fixed upon the grate that she did not even see, she remained silent and motionless for hours. It was dark when she arose. The scheme which she had planned was a guilty and hazardous one—a dishonest machination, and uncertain of success. She did not care. There was no other way out of the difficulty. She would try it.

She descended into the dining-room. Her father and Sebastian were seated before the fireplace, and Papiol was laying the table.

"Father," said Arabelle calmly and indifferently, "do you know what Cousin Armande has written to us?"

Papiol pricked up his ears. Mons. De Villaudric replied in a gratified tone:

"Sebastian has lost the letter; but Mons. Gineres has written to me himself."

"What do you think of his proposition?"

At the same moment she turned towards Papiol and smiled at him unobserved.

"I think, of course, that you will be very foolish to refuse him. An aristocratic name is all very well; but you are living at a period when millions have their value. I have greatly changed lately."

Sebastian had arisen from his seat, and taken refuge in a dark corner of the room.

"I am of your opinion," replied Arabelle.

Papiol, who at that moment passed behind her, whispered these words in her ear:

"You shall not marry."

And he continued to handle the knives and forks in the most unconcerned manner possible.

Arabelle walked up to the table, took her seat, and, turning half round, as if to give Papiol an order in a low voice, said quietly:

"This evening, at your place."

She then continued calmly:

"Father, you can write to Mons. Gineres, and tell him that I consent to be his wife."

A low sob was heard. Sebastian, of whom nobody was thinking, was crying alone in his corner.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LOVER'S COMPACT.

Ten o'clock at night. Moon overclouded—not a star to be seen. Arabelle left the house dressed in a white wrapper, a light shawl thrown over her shoulders, reached the stables by a roundabout way, avoided the wolf-trap, sprang up the ladder leading to Papiol's abode, opened the window, and entered with the exclamation:

"Dominique, this is awful!"

"Explain yourself; what is the matter?"

"What is the matter? Do you ask such a question? Is it possible that you do not love me? You know what the matter is, Dominique."

Confidence was not one of Papiol's principal qualities. He approached Arabelle and looked into her eyes. She was really crying; and yet he was suspicious of her, saying:

"When you were reading Cousin Armande's letter you did not seem to be in such despair."

"I did not understand it at first. I at last understood. The idea of marrying Mons. Gineres nearly made me mad. It seemed to me that in putting spur to my horse I was flying away from that hated marriage."

"I thought that you were flying from me. And how quickly you consented when you were spoken to about it?"

"Really, Dominique, do you mean to say that you did not guess why I said 'Yes' immediately?"

"No. I'm so stupid."

"Why, to content my father, so that he should not have the slightest suspicion as to my real intentions, and that

in this manner we should be more free to take action against Mons. Gineres."

"Humbly."

She kissed him on the forehead and hair.

"I love you," she murmured.

"I suppose so."

"Now I want you to reflect, combine and invent, for I warn you that if you do not rid me of that fool I shall dash out my brains against a wall. We must find some expedient."

"I don't see any. The cousin is taken up with the banker; your father wants to pay his debts; Sebastian is the only one who is of the same opinion as we are. When is this fellow Gineres coming?"

"In about eight days, my father says. Cousin Armande comes with him."

"The cousin! Another nuisance."

Papiol began to pace up and down the room, scratching his ear with his little finger, as he was in the habit of doing when annoyed.

"And so you can't find out anything?" asked Arabelle after a few minutes' silence.

"No; I cannot."

"Well, I have found out a way to prevent this marriage!"

"Are you sure of it?"

"Perfectly sure."

"Tell me your plan."

Arabelle arose from her seat, placed her two hands on his shoulders, looked him long and fixedly in the eyes, and then said gravely:

"Dominique, do you love me?"

"Why, of course I do."

"In that case, listen."

Papiol was greatly impressed by Arabelle's solemnity.

"What I have planned is a terrible thing," she said in the same tone of voice, "but at the last extremity we will accomplish it."

"Speak."

"When this marriage can no longer be evaded, when Mons. Gineres arrives here, then—"

"Then?"

"You shall kill him."

Papiol bounded back in alarm.

"Oh, dear, no. It is possible that—and I don't deny it—that there are circumstances, adventures—misfortunes, in fact. I can remember having, here and there, borrowed money of people who at a later date have affirmed that they had not lent it me. Indeed, perhaps there was something red over there, in a certain corner of my life; but there's a long way between that and 'knifing a man.'"

"You don't love me, Dominique! If you only loved me a little, you would not refuse such a request."

And she began to cry violently.

"Come," he said, as gentle as it was possible for him to say anything, "don't despair. I also have an idea, a better plan. Let's run away together."

"Yes! yes! You are right! Let's run away. How was it that I have never thought of that before? Let's go immediately."

If Papiol had happened to glance at her at that moment he would undoubtedly have been surprised at the strange smile that crossed her face. She had thrown out the bait, and the prey had bitten at it of its own accord.

"Not so fast," he replied; "we have plenty of time before us. People who want to travel must have money, and we have not any to speak of."

"I will have some."

"How?"

"I will borrow some of Cousin Armande upon some pretext. Besides, the house is not so poor as you think."

"Yes; there's the plate."

"My father has some watches, gold pins, a diamond ring of great value—"

"Papiol began to feel a very sincere admiration for Arabelle."

"We will take it all with us," she said quickly.

"The devil!"

"What! Are you even afraid to steal?" she said disdainfully.

"It's dangerous," he said. "They will catch us. You don't risk anything; but it's a different affair with me."

"They won't catch us. Just think! We get away some evening, after supper, as soon as my father has reached his room. In two hours on horseback we reach Toulouse. The same evening we take the train for Bagneres-de-Luchon. We arrive there before daylight. Once there, I know the country."

"So do I; I have been engaged in smuggling in the same part of the country."

"From there, in less than an hour, we reach Bessot, in Spain, and we are out of harm's way before anybody in Villaudric has become aware of our disappearance."

"How much will your cousin lend you?"

"Three or four thousand francs."

"How much is your father's ring worth?"

"Double as much."

"And the silver?"

"I don't know."

"In all, twelve thousand francs. It is not much."

"Do you hesitate?"

"No," replied Papiol, "because I love you."

"When shall we go?" she asked eagerly.

"As soon as your cousin has answered you."

"In three days, then?"

"In three days."

Arabelle now furtively regained the house. As soon as she reached her own room she looked at herself in the glass and smiled.

"I shall be Madame Gineres!" she murmured.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHEESEIT'S DREAM.

There was a group of them sitting near the stove, and they were telling the many strange, ghostly things they had dreamed of.

"I had a strange dream once, and I'll never forget it, either," said a man who wore a slouch hat and whose ears curled out from his head like the "landside" of a plow.

"Did you dream that you was a spirit of the dead?" inquired the crowd.

"No; worse than that. I dreamed that I was a tough cucumber."

"What? A cucumber?"

"Yes, a regular old yellow-tinted cramp-producer, and you can just bet I made trouble in one family. Dang me, but it was a remarkable dream."

"Tell us about it," said the crowd in chorus.

MOURN NOT FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Oh, mourn not for the beautiful,
Thus passed away in Spring,
Ere Time had stolen one bright plume
That buoyed her spirit's wing;
Death walked beside her shadowless
Through Pleasure's laughing bowers,
While Hope concealed the spoiler's shaft
And wreathed his brow with flowers.
I knelt beside the dying one—
Methinks I see her now;
The mellow golden flush of eve
Streamed on her marble brow;
And as a flower at set of sun
Sinks to its dewy rest,
Her head, as twilight's shadow fell,
Drooped softly on my breast.
It drooped, but not to rise again.
As flowers look up at day;
The shadow resting on that face
Morn could not chase away;
Those leaf-like lids of violet
I felt could ne'er unclose,
Nor Heaven's freshest breeze replant
On that pale cheek the rose.
'Tis well with that young slumberer—
The world of which she dreamed,
How ill would this dim vale of tears
Its promise have redeemed!
The star that ruled her destiny
Was well and wisely given
A moment to illumine earth,
Then light her up to heaven.

THE RIVAL FURIES,
OR THE TRAGEDY AT M. TROCADERO'S HIPPODROME.WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

Soon after the late Emperor of the French, aspiring to imperishable fame as an author, hired a squad of literateurs, and ordered them to write, in his name, a life of Julius Caesar, an ex-circus proprietor, and showman in general, who had been living in elegant retirement since he compounded with his creditors, was possessed of a brilliant idea.

"When this book of the Emperor's is issued," said M. Trocadero, "Paris will transform itself into ancient Rome in a week. Nothing will be talked of but the Caesars, and everybody will want to know exactly how those old Roman reprobates amused themselves. Happy thought! I will revive the hippodroming in which Caligula, Nero, Vitellius, Vespasian, and the rest of them gloried, and make an immense fortune in twelve months."

With M. Trocadero to resolve was to act. He read up the best authorities, and soon the four factions of chariot-drivers were seen flying round the new hippodrome just as old Romans had seen them. The divers were described in the bills of the day as Amazons, and they wore liveries of white, red, light green, and cerulean blue. As in the days of the Roman Emperors, these colors were fancifully derived from the seasons, and respectively signified the snows of Winter, the red dog-star of Summer, the cheerful verdure of the Spring, and the deep tints of Autumn. Napoleon III and his then lovely consort graced the opening night with their presence.

The horses that ran the rapid career were noble animals, fleet and spirited. The drivers were, with one exception, large-limbed, exuberantly developed women; and as they stood in their chariots, in all the revealing glory of tights, they looked as if they were ready to faint from fear. All sorts of mishaps, serious and ridiculous, eventuated; and the revival of Roman hippodroming would have resulted in an absurd fiasco but for the performance of one chariot-driver, who in physique was by no means Amazonian. She was hardly tall enough to be classed among medium-sized women; but it would have puzzled a sculptor to suggest an improvement in the charming curves of her perfectly symmetrical form. Her arms and limbs, daintily revealed, exhibited that combination, so seldom seen, of statuesque beauty with physical strength. Her arms and shoulders were brown as a berry and as firm as marble. She was as lithe as a serpent and as agile as a mountain chamois. Her lips were large and mobile, and her eyes flashed like those of the wild gazelle. She was dashing, dauntless, vivacious. She drove her pair of horses like a Fury. She shrieked and cursed as she flew round the course. Everybody roared applause except her timid rivals. The Emperor watched her with his Mephistophelian smile, until he, too, partook of the general excitement. When she came to a stop, with heaving bosom, flashing eyes and bold smiles, he cried "Bravo!" The female Fury threw his Imperial Majesty a kiss. The Empress whispered in the ear of her lord:

"She is a *mourais saïd*; she doesn't know what shame is or what a blush means."
Eugenie was right. Half Arab of the desert by birth, her rearing had been that of the Arab of the civilized seaport. She was named Algeria because she had first seen the light in that French province; and it was rumored that her father was a zouave, and the handsomest man in his regiment, whom a frail daughter of the desert had loved not wisely. What became of the poor Arab girl after giving birth to the child of the Gharib it is needless to surmise; but at the time when the zouave regiment was recalled from Algiers the little waif, then nine months old, was found in the camp. The regiment adopted her until they reached Marseilles, where she was put out to nurse. The Crimean War swept away her preservers. Her nurse found her untamable and ferocious; and, besides, nobody was paying any money for her board. When she was four years old she was turned upon the street. Henceforth existence to her was a struggle; but she was equal to it.

When she was fifteen she sold oranges on the quays. She didn't know one letter of the alphabet from another, but she could outdo any vixen and outwear any sailor in Marseilles. In appearance she was as thin as a rail and as black as a young cormorant.

A year after she had improved wonderfully in appearance. People began to discover that she had a handsome leg and a charmingly turned ankle. All may be sure that she was not without sweethearts. All the nautical bloods and longshore loafers patronized her orange-basket. By-and-by she started a stand, and sold confectionery and Virginia peanuts as well as oranges, and a crowd of admirers always surrounded her. But no temptation made her even dream of swerving from her virtue.

It was about this time that she accompanied a young midshipman of the French navy to the theatre. The play was "Mazepa." From that hour she determined to become a

sensational actress; and she was alternating the role of the "French Spy" with "Mazepa" at the Porte St. Martin when M. Trocadero, by the offer of a tempting salary, secured her services for his so-called Roman Hippodroming. Before she had been playing a week she had quarreled with all her rivals, and had routed four of them in a pitched battle. She had had a stand-up fight with the ringmaster, and had corrugated his handsome face with her eager talons. But she was a prime favorite with M. Trocadero, and she was permitted to play an act of furious driving by herself. It was entitled "Phœbe Driving the Chariot of the Sun," and was an exhibition of barbaric splendour. Alge, as the proprietor called her, was dressed—if the word dress can with any propriety be applied to the costume—in tights of golden tissue that seemed to cling to every curve, every wrinkle and line of her perfect form like an extra epidermis. Her chariot was a gilt coracle, and she drove two thoroughbred black stallions at a rate that made the heart of the spectator pause. People were led to the Hippodrome night after night by that sort of morbid fascination which anticipates a dreadful accident.

"Some time she will have her brains dashed out," people remarked to one another.

So far as she was concerned, Alge wasn't troubled with a single second's apprehension. She was a stranger to fear. "I'm tired of driving horses—there's no more excitement in it!" she said one day to M. Trocadero.

He surveyed her with growing astonishment from head to foot, and asked:

"Why, Alge, what would you drive?"

"Should like to harness up a pair of tigers."

"Tigers!" I said tigers! tigers! tigers! Didn't you hear me?"

Just for a few brief moments the manager was in doubt whether or not his little Fury was not slightly crazy.

"What you want to do," she said after a while, "is to kick all those great clumsy women out of the Hippodrome; people do not come here to see them—they come to see me! Get a tiger and a bear-tamer, I will pay, for I will perform."

M. Trocadero listened and believed. The Amazons were dismissed, and Marcus Mermode and his performing lions, tigers and leopards became one of the leading features of the show. The beast-tamer was of herculean size—a veritable giant in proportions. He had the arms and shoulders of an Anteus, and his immense back seemed broad enough to bear the bludgeoning of the transgressors perpetrated since Noah played traveling showman in the Ark.

When Algeria first beheld him she tried hard to raise a

her favorite ash-horse and rode to Malencon alone. She tethered her horse in the forest, and proceeded to the house on foot. Madame Mermode was sitting in the veranda, with a favorite cat on her knee.

Alge walked up boldly and unhesitatingly.

"Are you the wife of Marcus Mermode?" she asked.

"I am," the other replied. "Has anything happened to him?"—with a momentary look of apprehension.

"He is all right; but I have come to look at you, because I hate you!"

The wife, who had a lily complexion and a soft, satin-looking skin, flushed and said:

"You are a bold, shameless woman; begone at once."

"And you! What are you? You honeyed, poisoned, painted baby, you hothouse parasite! I've a mind to—to—"

Her fingers fumbled with the pistol. The other saw the movement and the weapon.

"Help! murder!" she screamed.

Quick as a flash the pistol was drawn and fired. Madame Mermode in ten seconds was a corpse. The Fury had reached the shelter of the forest and her horse before the crime was discovered. No feeling of remorse visited her conscience during the swift gallop home.

"Marcus will love me now," she thought, and she would not have hesitated to shoot or stab or poison a score of rivals to achieve this consummation.

Poor Mermode was "terribly cut up," as Alge expressed it, about the death of his wife. He lay in bed at Malencon for weeks, and refused to be comforted. In his absence she entered the cages and performed with the animals.

At this time M. Trocadero was fortunate enough to secure a new attraction for his Hippodrome in the person of Mlle. Corymbe and her two trained Arabian steeds. Mlle. Corymbe was reputed the handsomest woman in Paris, and she was an exponent of graceful equestrianism. She rode with a long habit and a hat. Her form was voluptuous, and there was a charming tint of northern gold in her hair and of scarlet bloom on her cheeks. She affected pink-satin riding-habits, and few such fascinating women have ever made human hearts their sport. She was a beautiful, soft-skinned, scornful-looking aristocrat in appearance, with the silver ring of merciless laughter in her voice, and a languid lustre of provoking contempt in her eyes.

Algeria beheld this beauty and said to herself:

"I wonder what Marcus will think of her when he returns from blubbering about his wife?"

One thing was certain: she hated Mlle. Corymbe most cordially, while the latter treated Alge as if she was infinitely beneath her notice.

have, silent voices, fallen on his knees and poured forth the story of his passion.

"He is mine! He is all mine!" thought Mlle. Corymbe as she surveyed herself in the mirror.

The state of the beast-tamer's mind could not long remain a mystery to Alge. She soon perceived his roving eye and his restless heart. He wouldn't talk about his dead wife. He never now caressed the ferocious little Arab, nor whispered a sweet word. He was not so kind as when his wife was alive. While she was thus racked and torn by jealousy, a dreadful rumor reached her ear. She was told that Mlle. Corymbe was training a new horse every forenoon, and that Marcus was her inseparable assistant. She flew to the building like a wild, raging demon, stole softly inside and peered through a peephole. The exercise was evidently nearly over for the day. Corymbe stopped the horse, and Marcus approached. She jumped into his arms with a gush of pantomime. Alge saw no more. The blood rushed to her brain. She was crazed—maddened—furious—blinded.

A great love is an absolute absorption. For Algeria nothing lived, moved or breathed but this big, handsome man. For him the sun rose and set, for him the fields were decked with flowers. She loved him so much that she could not live and behold him another's. It would be better to die. But should she die and leave this big, licentious woman to possess her Marcus—her idol? Not a thousand times, No!

It sometimes happens that a scheme of revenge, like schemes less harmful in intent, miscarries. It happened that next morning Marcus was called away from the Hippodrome on business.

"Now," thought Alge, "I'll have it out with that big lump of fat."

What took place in the Hippodrome that morning can only be inferred from after-appearances. But most probably it was something as follows.

Alge rushed into the arena and began to curse and scold her rival, who replied in scathing terms. Thereupon the Arab pulled her pistol and rushed to the attack. The weapon missed fire, and in an instant the little Fury was in the little, powerful grasp of her Russian antagonist, and was speedily getting the worst of the combat. Whereupon she cried for quarter, while she was inspired by a diabolical intent. Being freed, she ran to the cages, opened them, and, rushing back again, renewed the fray with her rival, hoping that the animals would manifest their instinct and confine their attack to Mlle. Corymbe. But blood was flowing from both women, and they yelled and shrieked as they fought. The lions and tigers were loose, and became terribly excited, and when the two female Furies rolled over and over in the sawdust the savage beasts rushed in and ended the bloody fray in a bloodier banquet. When the assistants reached the scene—from which they had been artfully allured away by Alge—there was no similitude of womanhood remaining except two grinning skulls. Poor Mermode never recovered from the shock, and he died soon after in a lunatic asylum.

THE MANAGER'S OMEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE N. Y. CLIPPER,
BY UNCLE NED.

In the days of Mitchell's Olympic Theatre there was one continual run of successes at that house. Everything the genial Billy Mitchell produced brought the silver to his till, and the cozy little theatre rarely had cause to complain of light houses or unappreciative audiences. Whatever the secret of this may have been, the manager attributed it in the main to a little visitor from the wings who invariably came out of his hiding-place when the gas was lit, and had the run of the house without molestation. All the old professionals knew Mitchell's mind in regard to his presiding genius, and to them he was almost as welcome as to the manager, and was as much an object of admiration. Ever since the place was open the tenant had made it his home, and was looked for as regularly as the leader of the orchestra.

In an evil hour a spectacle was introduced which required a number of ballet-girls, and they had not been advised nor were they aware of the reverence in which the singular presiding spirit of the Olympic was held. At rehearsal, strange to say, he never made his appearance, and therefore was not known to the newcomers. The night for the first performance came on, however, and as the dancers were exercising their limbs and cutting up behind the curtain a huge spider was seen working his way from the flies to the stage. The girls were so scared that some of them screamed outright, whereupon one more daring than the others, as soon as the spider landed on the stage, rushed up and stamped it to death. Of course the flutter brought others to the scene, and Mitchell among them. The cause of the confusion was explained to him. His usual pleasant expression disappeared in an instant, and changed into the gravest seriousness, and, looking down at the smothered remains of his pet, he shook his head, saying: "There will never be another day's luck for me," and left the stage quite despondent.

Sure enough, the spectacle was a failure, and from that day no attraction could ever bring back the luck to the old house. Such were Mr. Mitchell's views, and a sad omen to the Olympic Theatre.

MIDNIGHT IN THE SANCTUM.

It was past midnight, and the lights in *The Burlington Hawk-eye* sanctum shone brightly on the brave men of the staff there assembled. The news-editor reached over for the brush to fasten a paragraph down over his credit.

"It paid to be honest," he murmured.

"Especially when you are accessory to the act," said the city-editor.

"But this," said the editor, lifting the old stove-polish cut from a pile of loose manuscript, "is what gives the paper weight."

"And this," said the associate, holding an original poem on "Winter" in the gas-jet, "tends it an airy lightness."

"Nary lightness it is," said the news-editor, "for there's pounds and pounds of it in the drawer."

"Take care of the pounds," said the city editor, "and the pencil take care of itself."

"I should re-mark," said the proof-reader, as he called for a revise.

"And I should dollar," said the business manager, coming in with a hat full of manuscript.

"Now you're shouting," sang the chorus: "say your piece."

"I have come to co-operate with you," said the business manager. "See; these are the new ads."

"Put a pea head on him," said the foreman.

And longer had they sung, but with a frown the funny man impatient rose, and remarking that this was a noose paper, joked off all further debate, and the forms went down.

"What a blessing it is," said a hard working Irishman, "that night never comes on till late in the day, when a man is tired and can't work any more at all, at all."



THE TENTING SEASON.

Already many of our principal cities and rural towns have been invaded by the paste-brigades of the respective shows that intend touring the country this summer, for the purpose of covering blank walls, fences and enormous billboards, specially erected with the bright-tinted pictorial bills depicting many of the principal features to be presented. From present indications there will be about the same number of circuses and menageries on the road as there were last season. Most of the large shows will travel by rail, using their own cars, specially built for the purpose, while some of the smaller ones, who will visit towns and villages that cannot command attention from the colossal combinations, will adhere to the old style of transportation—by wagons. Large numbers of advance-agents, press-workers, contractors and transportation-agents are scouring the country making preparations for the comfort and accommodation of the retinue of performers and attaches that are shortly to follow. The movements of the various companies will be found recorded in THE CLIPPER from week to week.

blush, but with all her efforts the rich Southern color would not deepen on her cheek. So she immediately thought better of it, and looking him full in the face, said:

"Morbien! how very large you are, and how very, very handsome you are!"

The color mounted to his smooth, white forehead.

At the sight her own face took fire, and she threw at him a look of the most unquenchable ardor. Alge knew what love was for the first time in her life.

By-and-by, as she was becoming acquainted with the animals, she formed the intimate acquaintance of the man. She heard the story of his life, and she discovered how true and honest and honorable and brave a soul he was. But, alas! as she sank hopelessly into love's sweet captivity, she learnt something more. She learnt that he had a lovely wife, whom he idolized. This knowledge was gall and wormwood to her; and when he would proceed to his home, on the confines of Paris, to spend Sunday, poor Algeria's mental sufferings were indescribably poignant. Haughty in her own willful, wayward fashion, at a word of love from Mermode, at a kiss from his lips she would have glided. But she would have been torn to pieces by wild horses rather than have sought him through his pity. She would not throw herself at the head of one that gave the warmth of his heart to another.

"He shall never know how madly I love him," she kept thinking, as she met him in their daily association; but when he was with his wife, on Sundays, the poor creature would moan and weep and curse and tear her hair. It is not surprising that she began to hate this wife, this unknown rival, with a hatred deep and terrible. If he received a letter, Alge looked at it with blazing, scornful, angry eyes. She couldn't read a line; yet she would purloin the letter when opportunity served, and ask some outside acquaintance to read it.

Only once did she succeed in capturing an epistle from Madame Mermode. It was full of the honeyed sweetness of wedded life. It was like pouring venom into Alge's already poisoned veins. She made up her mind to covertly obtain a look at this hated Annette, and succeeded in ascertaining that Marcus Mermode's home was situated in a little village named Malencon, beyond the forest of Marley.

One moonlight night she placed a pistol in her belt, mounted

"I could tear her to pieces!" Alge won cry, shaking her hand from afar.

But one day she saw Miss Corymbe tame an Arabian and refractory horse, and after that she was inspired with respect for her strength and daring. The paradise-bird, the ivy-plant, the pheasant, had muscles beneath those voluptuous curves. The return of Marcus Mermode now became the dread as well as the desire of the ardent little Arab.

When the beast-tamer returned he was paler than ever, and his forehead, surrounded by its clustering chestnut curls, was as pale as alabaster. Corymbe lost her look of debonaire hauteur when she saw him, and that evening she told some of her confidential friends that she had seen one of the Titans, and that he was as magnificent as a god.

"Poor devil!" said M. Trocadero, "what a misfortune it is to be big as a giant and handsome as Hercules! Both the Arab girl and the Russian are crazy for Mermode. Unless somebody devises a plan to repeat the judgment of Solomon, in a new way, and give to each of them a fair, square half of him, there will be purgatory to pay one of those days."

Corymbe engaged Mermode in conversation whenever opportunity offered. She had heard of his benevolence, and she artfully addressed him words of sympathy. He liked to listen to her sweet voice, and to watch the subtle tenderness of her moist, bright eyes.

"Poor Annette was an angel!" he exclaimed one day, "and I always spent Sunday with her."

"Then, my dear M. Mermode, come and spend next Sunday with me; we will talk of Annette, and of nothing but Annette, all day!"

She received him in her boudoir, radiantly toiletted in a loose-flowing robe that revealed while it concealed the superb proportions of her tall, majestic figure. It was a toilet that a sorceress might have devised; and as she talked about "Annette—poor dead Annette!" there was a tinge of imperious coquetry in her voice, in her manner, in the soft indolence of her pose, that carried captive Mermode's outward senses, and took his imagination by storm. Cory persisted in talking of "Annette, the angel in heaven!" but when he took his leave he was tired of the subject, and he could hardly depend upon himself. Had he not hurried away he would

THE RING.

SULLIVAN'S POSITION.

John Sullivan desires us to state that he never issued a challenge to Paddy Ryan or any other pugilist, nor did he ever authorize any other person to do so, and he does not wish anyone to hold him responsible for the utterances and scribbles of persons who have impudently presumed to act as his mouthpiece, while caring only to further their own selfish ends. When he considers it time to send out a challenge the document will be given to the sporting public through the columns of *The Clipper*, and be accompanied by a suitable deposit, without which no challenge can be considered genuine. As regards the offer of certain parties to make a match for him, and to put up a belt to go with the stakes, Sullivan requests us to say that he proposes to do his own match-making, and that when he does enter the ring it will be to win money and reputation, not trophies.

FRED HAMILTON writes from the U. S. S. Franklin, lying at Portsmouth, Va., that he would be glad of a chance to spar young Miller of the training-ship Minnesota for his so-called champion belt, but the rules of the service won't permit him to go to Brooklyn. If either Miller or Ross will advise him as to how he can overcome this difficulty and get a crack at one or other of them, he will feel obliged.

BOB FARRELL'S DEBUT at Wendell's Assembly Rooms, this city, April 2, was not well attended, and the boxes did not rally so well as he had expected. Those who appeared, in order of appearance, T. Connors and J. Grady, Tom McAlpin and Billy Madden, John Hagen and Tom Brennan, McCarthy and Hazel, Billy McAuliffe and Pat McCoy, and Bob Farrell and Mike Donovan. Uncle Tovee was M. C.

A MATCH has been consummated at San Francisco, Cal., whereby Owen Judge, the butcher boy, agrees to fight Denny Haggerty with small gloves for \$50 a side, the meet to take place April 11 at Maynard's Gymnasium. Both men started training March 26. The result will decide the middle-weight championship of the Pacific coast.

JOHN KILBRIDE, the well-known Boston sport, is driving a brick trade in his Eagle Exchange, 7 Eustis street. John Sullivan returns from Gotham to the Hub this week, and the Eagle will, as heretofore, be his headquarters there.

FIRES IN THEATRES.

Info paper read before the Insurance Institute, Manchester, Eng., by Henry Warden, Nov. 18, 1880, the following interesting statistics are given:

There is not, probably, a better known risk, not only amongst the insurance profession, but the general public also, than the theatre. It is the most ancient special risk in the world, and has varied in little degree during 1800 years, for between the years 21 and 64 the Circus Maximus in Rome was destroyed by fire three times, and the Theatre Pompeian the same number of times between the years 22 and 249 of the Christian Era.

Herr Folsch's list comprises more than 500 theatres destroyed or much damaged by fire. The following statistics of theatre-fires have been worked out by Herr Folsch from a list of fires in different countries:

Theatre burnt before opening	Within 51 to 50 years of opening	20
In first five years after opening	Within 51 to 60 years of opening	7
Within 6 to 10 years of opening	Within 61 to 70 years of opening	8
Within 11 to 20 years of opening	Within 71 to 80 years of opening	7
Within 21 to 30 years of opening	Within 81 to 90 years of opening	7
Within 31 to 40 years of opening	Over 90 years of opening	3
Total		250

Giving an average of about 22 1/2 years of existence to each one.

LIST OF THEATRES BURNED AT VARIOUS PERIODS.

426 since 1761 | 365 since 1801 | 322 since 1831 | 254 since 1861

LIST OF THEATRES BURNED IN PERIODS OF TEN YEARS.

Between 1761 and 1770..... 20
Between 1771 and 1780..... 20
Between 1781 and 1790..... 20
Between 1791 and 1800..... 20
Between 1801 and 1810..... 20
Between 1811 and 1820..... 20
Between 1821 and 1830..... 20
Between 1831 and 1840..... 20
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Between 1861 and 1870..... 20
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Between 1891 and 1900..... 20
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Between 1921 and 1930..... 20
Between 1931 and 1940..... 20
Between 1941 and 1950..... 20
Between 1951 and 1960..... 20
Between 1961 and 1970..... 20
Between 1971 and 1980..... 20
Between 1981 and 1990..... 20
Between 1991 and 2000..... 20
Between 2001 and 2010..... 20
Between 2011 and 2020..... 20
Between 2021 and 2030..... 20
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THE RING.

SULLIVAN vs. TAYLOR.

There was a rare assemblage of sports of the old and new school at Harry Hill's on the afternoon of Thursday, March 31, gathered there to witness the metropolitan debut of strong-armed John Sullivan of Boston Highlands. Of course there were numerous other attractions on the programme, but the desire to see the noted Massachusetts slugger stripped and opposed by a man who might be able to make him do his best was the magnet which drew a full house to this long-established resort of the fancy. After the variety performers had completed their part of the entertainment, the preliminary bouts with the gloves were commenced by Ed. Bracken and Jimmy Barry, who were followed in succession by Gus Lambert and young McCarthy, Johnny Saunders and Bob Farrell, Mike Coburn and Dan Dougherty, Fatty Rush (Hill's Big One) and Tommy Gentry, George Taylor and Bill Fitch, the latter being the set-to which most pleased the spectators. Then Sullivan was introduced to the assembly, and Manager Campbell stated that the beneficiary offered fifty dollars to any man who would spar him four rounds, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules, each round to last three minutes. The spectators gave the stalwart Bostonian a warm welcome, and they also extended an encouraging reception to Steve Taylor, upon the latter being immediately afterwards introduced by Dick Hollywood, with the announcement that he had come there to accept Sullivan's offer. Thereupon the fifty dollars was put up in the hands of Mr. Hill, and the boxers retired to prepare for the fray. When they reappeared it was seen that Sullivan stripped magnificently, while Taylor was soft, puffy and encumbered by many pounds of superfluous flesh. The Boston boy, who stands nearly 5 feet 11 inches and scales at least 212½ lbs., has splendidly-developed shoulders and arms, a roomy chest and strong-looking loins, with underpinning which are sturdy-looking enough without being too bulky. His countenance wore an expression of confidence that bordered on contempt for the pretensions of his opponent, whose appearance suggested the absence of anything approaching faith in his ability to make respectable showing. Matt Grace was chosen referee, while Hollywood seconded Taylor, and Billy Madden waited upon Sullivan. It required very few moments to put an end to any doubt that may have existed as to the possible result of the encounter. Immediately upon receiving the word, Sullivan set about his man in a way which astonished the latter, who received right and left hands on the head in quick succession, one of which sent him to his knees, and, just after he had arisen, a swinging left-hander on the right ear spread him on the stage. He was assisted to his feet, but it was plain that all the fight had thus early been knocked out of him. The severity of Sullivan's hitting had dazed him and caused him to forget all he knew about sparring, and, instead of at least trying to hit with the latter, he suffered himself to be made a defenseless chopping-block until the three minutes were up, and he had been hit to the floor. As at the commencement of the preceding round, when they came up again Steve made some sort of show at sparring, but his blows were without steam, and a couple of severe clips from Sullivan so bewildered him that he was nothing more than a bag of bran for his adversary to punch. He went down repeatedly, but Sullivan was at him again the moment he got upon his feet, sending in both fists at the head without a return. The last half of the round was fought with Steve braced against the scenery near his corner, which support was the only thing which enabled him to keep his feet. Finally an extra well-planted right-hander on the side of the head sent him down on his hands and head, and Hollywood elevated the article which did duty as a sponge in token of Taylor's defeat. The latter in each round tried to get the verdict on a claim of foul, based on his being hit when on his knees, but, as the referee held that he went down without a blow, the claims were disallowed. Sullivan's money was thereupon returned to him, and he headed a subscription for Taylor with a five-dollar note. Sullivan maintained the reputation he gained in former encounters of being a tremendously hard and punishing hitter and a quick fighter, with free shoulder-action, but on the score of science he is not the equal of Taylor or other big men who are well known to the public. Unless a man is quick on his feet, cool-headed and possessed of good heart, the science of any man would not prevail against the batteries of so strong and earnest a fighter as Sullivan. It is patent that Taylor is not now so good a man as he once was; but it is not probable that, taken at his best, he could have held his own with a workman like the New-Englander. Steve would have been better thought of on this occasion had he fought as well as he knew how, instead of standing up for minutes at a time without making an effort to defend himself. He certainly proved a very poor representative of metropolitan talent, and the sorry exhibition he made, instead of redeeming the reputation he had previously lost, served but to add to the credit due Mike Donovan for the display he made with the same man at the Hub. The announced wind-up between Madden and Sheppard did not take place, for the reason that Taylor was unable to leave home. This omission occasioned no disappointment, however, for nobody cared for more after having seen Sullivan.

A BRIEF GLOVE CONTEST.

Between two and three hundred persons, nearly all of whom had demonstrated their ability and willingness to pay five dollars a piece to witness an engagement between two knights of the magic circle, assembled in a room in the upper part of the metropolis, not very far from the North River, on the night of Thursday, March 31. This was the time and place appointed for the decision of a match made some weeks previously between Morris Grant, the well-known colored boxer of South avenue, and a mulatto expert. The match grew out of trouble between them at a ball some time ago, and was for a purse of \$500, made up from the ticket-money after expenses. Grant is a native of South Carolina, having been born on St. James' Island in the year 1837. He is close upon six feet in height, and his weight was stated to be 180 pounds. Cooley was born at Providence, R. I., is thirty-six years of age, stands about five feet eleven inches high, and weighs some fifteen pounds more than Grant, being a man of very large frame and the more muscular of the two. Neither contestant had ever before appeared as a principal in a contest governed by regular rules, but each had figured in a number of exciting encounters which took place right off the reel. Grant, who was waited upon by two well-known sports from the Twenty-ninth precinct, was the first to show up in the inclosure set apart for the combat, and from the long delay which ensued before the appearance of his antagonist it was feared that a repetition of the Taylor-Rooke fiasco was about to occur. At last, however, Cooley stepped within the circle, having as attendants a pug who once fought Abe Hickox and a member from Ward 4. An ex-champion of feather-weights officiated as referee, and announced that the encounter was to be governed by the rules of the London prize-ring, the men wearing small hard gloves. The superiority of Cooley as a boxer was apparent at once, and this enabled him to show to the better advantage in the opening round. He took the initiative, but was out of distance, and then they got to work at short range, each firing hot shot into the other's bulwarks until in a clinch they were down side by side in a neutral corner. Cooley having had the best of the hitting. The next round was a counterpart of the first, the bodies of the dark-skinned gladiators receiving heavy visitations, while the blows of Cooley seemed more effective than those sent in with less precision by Grant. At the end Cooley clenched and threw his man, falling upon him. When they resumed it was observed that Cooley was not disposed to force matters, but waited for his antagonist to commence, which Morris, eager enough, did, and good exchanges right and left, nearly all below the head, ended with Cooley dropping to his knees, evidently courting a foul blow, which, however, was not delivered. This was accepted by old ring-goers as a sign of weakening on the part of Cooley, and his stock dropped considerably. In the succeeding round he manifested an unmistakable desire to "cut it," seeing which, Grant went to him at once, and, although frequently striking wildly, he managed to send in blow at head and body fast enough to make the mulatto turn tail, but, following the game up, Grant fought him down. It would be a waste of space to describe the two following rounds, in both of which Morris did pretty much as he pleased with his opponent, who had ceased to be dangerous, and was now anxious only to quit. The hitting of Grant, who, though weak in the last round, was still willing, proved more than Cooley could bear, and after being down at the end of both rounds he flatly refused to go to the scratch again. Except that he was winded, there was nothing the matter with him above or below his heart. The character of the contest was a disappointment to the spectators, especially after the promising display made in the first two rounds. Had Cooley shown pluck equal to his natural ability, the engagement must have been prolonged and exciting throughout, but the way in which he acted on this occasion conclusively proved that he is not a "born fighter." Six rounds were contested in 20 min.

GEORGE ROOKE is announced to take a benefit at Terrace Garden Theatre, Fifty-eighth street, just west of Third avenue, on Monday evening, April 25.

BASEBALL.

St. JOHN'S COLLEGE NINE.—The Rose Hills of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., will this season present a very strong college nine in the field as their representative team, as will be seen by the appended list of their players for '81: Fenton, catcher; Doyle, pitcher; Walsh, Dempsey and T. Aspel on the bases; J. Aspel, short-stop; and O'Connell, Dillon and Roderstern in the outfield; with O. Malley substitute. Secretary of the Rose Hills says: "Our line has been in constant practice in the gymnasium during the winter, the players are now in excellent physical condition, and, with bats in hand, are 'eager for the fray.'" Here is a chance for the Jaspers. What are the Seton Hall, Alerts and the Stevens Institute ballplayers doing?

THE ECLIPSE CLUB of Louisville, Ky., had a brilliant record last year as an amateur nine, and has organized on a solid basis for this season. A stock company has been formed, offered as follows: President, J. H. Pank; directors, J. Wm. Reccius, I. J. Pottinger, F. P. Carroll and Wm. L. Jackson Jr. The club will have the old grounds, but new stands will be erected and other necessary improvements made. Visiting clubs should address their communications to J. W. Reccius, Manager Eclipse Club, 673 W. Market street, Louisville, Ky.

THE NATIONAL CLUB of Washington, D. C., will present the following nine this season: Weidman, pitcher; Trot, catcher; Powell, Dallas and Warren on the bases; Wise, short-stop; and Mansell, Baker and Gardner in the outfield. Weidman hails from Rochester, N. Y., and played with the professional nine from that city last season. Gardner is a Boston boy, and played with the Cleveland last season as change-pitcher, a position he will fill with the Nationals, Baker being booked as the change-catcher.

THE DUBUQUE CLUB has been reorganized, and will include Loftus, Reis, Commiskey, Ross and Taylor. Mayor Linehan of Dubuque, Ia., the proprietor of the baseball ground, is president of the new organization. An effort will be made to secure games with League clubs having off-days at Chicago. Taylor, who has been playing in California during the past year, will take Sullivan's place as catcher. All communications for the Dubuque Club should be addressed to T. J. Loftus, 856 Main street, Dubuque, Ia.

IN MEMORIAM.—We regret to announce the death of James M. Flanagan on March 31, at his residence in Philadelphia, Pa. He was one of the most liberal and influential supporters of baseball in the Quaker City, and was for many years a prominent member of the Athletic Club. He was very popular with the baseball fraternity, and his demise will be much regretted by his numerous friends. He was 55 years old, and had been in delicate health for some time past.

THE NEW ORLEANS LEAGUE.—The fourth championship contest was played March 27 between the Crescents and Lone Stars. The Crescents led throughout, and won easily by a score of 13 to 4. Most of the runs were made on errors, the Lone Stars making but two base-hits to the Crescents' seven. Mack umpired the game.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS will be represented on the ball-field this season by the following nine: Andrews, pitcher; Boyd, catcher; Nelson, Duffenbaugh and Kelso on the bases; Swasey, short-stop; with Russell, McCune and Huntley in the outfield. The nine will participate in the baseball tournament at Jacksonville next May.

MERIDEN, CT., and Kingston, N. Y., expect to have strong nines this season.

ATHLETIC.

CHALLENGE FROM ROGERS.

Professional sprinters who fancy themselves capable of "downing" the Philadelphia flyer Fred Rogers are now afforded an opportunity to test the matter. The subjoined challenge is backed up by twenty-five dollars, and the attention of J. T. Crossley is specially directed thereto:

MANATUNK, PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 31, 1881.
EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—I will back Fred Rogers to run 100 yards level, for not less than \$250 a side, with any of the following men: John Thomas Crossley (preferred), Quirk, alias Shuttleworth, of Canada; George Smith of Pittsburgh; or J. S. Barnes of Toronto, giving the last-named one yard start. The match to be run early in May, on any inclosed ground in New York City or Philadelphia, as may be mutually agreed upon. The start to be a short, the science of any man would not prevail against the batteries of so strong and earnest a fighter as Sullivan. It is patent that Taylor is not now so good a man as he once was; but it is not probable that, taken at his best, he could have held his own with a workman like the New-Englander. Steve would have been better thought of on this occasion had he fought as well as he knew how, instead of standing up for minutes at a time without making an effort to defend himself. He certainly proved a very poor representative of metropolitan talent, and the sorry exhibition he made, instead of redeeming the reputation he had previously lost, served but to add to the credit due Mike Donovan for the display he made with the same man at the Hub. The announced wind-up between Madden and Sheppard did not take place, for the reason that Taylor was unable to leave home. This omission occasioned no disappointment, however, for nobody cared for more after having seen Sullivan.

W. BUTTON

was the winner of a twenty-five-mile running race, for a gold medal to first and a silver medal to second, at the Academy of Music, Peoria, Ill., March 28. The track was surveyed by County-surveyor Allen, and was stated to measure twenty-one laps to the mile. There were nine starters, and the winner's time was 3h. 35m., Ira Dudley being second, in 3h. 45m.; Frank Brady third, in 3h. 46m. As local journalists are under the impression that the winner's time was better than had ever before been made by an amateur, we may state that, so far from this being true, the best amateur time for twenty-five miles is 2h. 48m. 42s., made in England, and the fastest in America is 2h. 58m. 25½s. The best recorded by a professional is 2h. 37m. 28s. The competition was gotten up by Lucien Marc, proprietor of a gymnasium there.

CHALLENGE TO WRESTLERS.

OWEN MCCARTHY's backer, Noah Makinson, is so anxious to match him against someone that he offers to give any acceptor the big odds of fourteen pounds in weight, as will be seen by the following challenge:

MANATUNK, PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 31, 1881.
EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—I will match Owen McCarthy to wrestle any man in America, Lancashire style, McCarthy to scale 1200, and to give anyone 140 weight, for one hundred or two hundred dollars a side. To wrestle in either Philadelphia, New York or Boston, within two weeks from date of signing articles. I inclose \$25 to make the match. Yours, truly, NOAH MAKINSON.

AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY SPORTS, England, March 14, 15, M. B. Poacock, Trinity, won the running long-jump with 21ft. 10¼ in. The actual distance cleared by him, measuring from where he took off in rear of the scratch-line, was 22ft. 7 in. C. H. Cave won the 100yds. race, from scratch, in 15½ sec., by three-quarters of a yard, from S. K. M. Stobart, who had eight yards start. The hurdle race, 120 yards, ten hurdles, 3ft. 6 in. high, was won by G. P. C. Laurence, Corpus, by a half dozen yards, from J. A. L. Feltus in the splendid time of 16½s. In the quarter-mile run Stobart, 15yds. start, won by three yards from E. L. Growse and W. N. Bruce, both on scratch, who ran a dead heat. Time, 50½s. F. R. Benson, New, won both the mile and three-mile runs, the latter in 15m. 15s., which beat by eight seconds the fastest Oxford time previously made.

WHISTLER was declared the winner of the wrestling contest with Dufur at Turn Hall, this city, March 31, in which the absurdity of wearing jackets in a contest supposed to be governed by the rules of regular catch-as-catch-can wrestling was introduced. Dufur won the first fall in five minutes. Whistler the two following in seven and fourteen minutes respectively, and in the next Dufur cried quits when Whistler had twisted his arm behind his back, and Harry Hill, referee, gave the victory to Clarence.

THE ANNUAL OPEN LONG-DISTANCE STEEPCHASE of the Thames Hare and Hounds, held March 19, was won by A. T. Treen, H. C. H. and H., 3m. 40s. start, whose net time was 48m. 44s.; C. Catlin, H. H., 2m. 30s. second, in 45m. 48s.; and G. A. Dunning, C. B., scratch, third, in 45m. 30s. The time of the latter is 1m. 40s. faster than the best previously made over the same course—that of J. Gibb—but the course was in exceptionally fine condition.

THE 26-HOUR WALKING MATCH between J. Hibberd and Owen Hancock, for \$250 a side, commenced at 8.30 p. m. March 18 at the Marble Rink on the Clapham road, London, Eng., and ended shortly past noon on the following day, Hancock having quit after covering 77 miles 3 laps. The winner's total was 78 miles and 1 lap. Trouble from varicose veins was the cause of Hancock's stoppage. The track at this place measures 214 yards.

A TEN-MILE GO-AR-TU-PLEASE RACE took place on Monday, March 28, at the Northern Ohio Fair Grounds, Cleveland, O., between James A. Fields, a representative of the Weddell House barber-shop, and Felix Jones of Wm. Trapp's tonsororial emporium, for twenty-five dollars a side. Trapp won easily in 1h. 16m. 15s., which was considered very remarkable time, owing to the heavy condition of the track. Jones' time was 1h. 32m.

CLARENCE WHISTLER has withdrawn the twenty-five dollars deposited at this office with a challenge issued by him some weeks ago, to which no one had paid any attention. He is at present not himself physically, and he proposes to "lay up" until he feels that he is all right once more.

THE OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB of Jersey City, N. J., on March 25 elected the following officers: President, J. A. Gordon; vice-president, F. G. Fendexter; Secretary, F. Griswold; treasurer, C. E. McBride; captain, A. D. Stone; Lieutenant, E. S. Lockwood.

ARCHIE MCCORM easily defeated Charles Fendagast by seven feet in a race of one hundred and fifty yards, for one thousand dollars, at the Fair Grounds, Denver, Col., March 26. The time was not taken.

KISSING.



No. 1.—Caught in the act.



No. 2.—Other Fellows' Relations. People you mustn't kiss.



No. 3.—The kiss of youth and innocence.

CHESS.

To Correspondents.

HARMEI PRATT, Salt Lake City.—Money came all right; thanks for real and interest.

F. B. PHILIPS.—Your interesting letter gave me much pleasure; solutions correct; thanks for the papers, both of which were new to us.

BRO. ALLEN.—The news is exceedingly welcome; we will carry out the suggestion.

CHAS. H. TUTTON.—Accept our commendation of the specimen of your work before us.

H. CHARLICK, Adelaide.—Several numbers of *The Observer*, since New-Year last, have failed to reach us; may we ask you to see if they are regularly mailed?

JOSEPH STEELE, Croydon, Eng.—Many thanks for your long and kind letter, and sincerely wish you speedy return to health and vigor.

CALCUTTA VS. LIVERPOOL.—Add to our previous report: 35. K B to K 4, K B x B; 36. Kt x B, at which point Calcutta (attack) proposed and Liverpool accepted a draw, thus leaving the honors of victory with the Occidental City. We propose giving the game entire. We are indebted to *The Croydon Guardian* for the result.

CITY OF LONDON VS. ST. GEORGE C. C.—Our private correspondence and public exchanges teem with glowing anticipations of this coming event, which promises to be a real Caisian festival. At latest advices the date was not settled, but teams of fifteen players a side were agreed on, each team having on its roll two of the celebrated "foreign professionals." The arrangements are progressing most amicably, and the match excites more interest than any ordinary tournament.

CAPT. MACKENZIE won eight, drew five and lost three games in his late simultaneous match of sixteen in New Orleans. The fourth-prize set in the recent *Leeds Mercury* Problem Tourney, by G. R. Downer, has been disqualified for having a member too much like some previous composition, and J. G. Nix of Tennessee has been awarded that prize. It seems as if the projected "uptown chess club" of this city was destined to overcome all obstacles and come out an accomplished fact.

Enigma No. 1,368.

"Now it's coming, stand by." First honorable mention in *Leeds Mercury* Tourney.

BY A. F. MACKENZIE, JAMAICA.

at KR, KR6, QR3, Qsq, QKt2, QR5, K Kt6, KR5.

at his 5, QKt6, QR5, Q4.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 1,368.

It has been some time since we have given a specimen of Australian chess; but here is a fine one in Melbourne from H. Tullidge and J. M. Connell, from *The Adelaide Observer*.

KING'S GAMBIT.

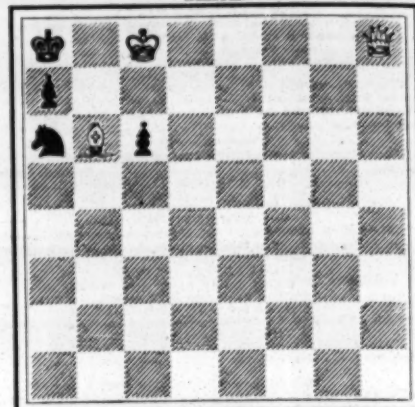
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
Mr. Tullidge.	Mr. Connell.	Mr. Tullidge.	Mr. Connell.
1. P to K4	P to K4	14. Q Kt to Q3	P to K4
2. P-K B4	K P x P	15. Q P x P	B x Kt
3. R-K B3	K Kt x B3 (a)	16. K Kt x B	Q Kt x Kt
4. P-K4	K Kt-R4	17. Q Kt-B3	Q R-Ksq
5. P-Q4	P-Q4	18. Q Kt x Kt	Q R x Kt
6. P x P	K P x P	19. Q Kt x P	Q R-K7
7. K B-B4	Castles	20. Q-B4	Q-her B3 (a)
8. Castles	Q Kt-B3	21. K B-B3	P-K B6
9. P-Q B3	Q B-K3	22. K Kt x R	B P x R
10. K B x B (b)	P x B	23. Q B-B3	Q-her Kt4
11. Q-her Kt5	Q-her 2	24. Q-B3	K Kt-B3
12. Q x P (bnd)	Q Kt sq	25. P-Q4	Q-K B4
13. Q-her R6	P-K R3	26. Q R-Ksq	Q-K Kt5, and

(a) Unusual, but not bad.
(b) If P to Q5, Black can reply Q Kt to R4.
(c) Excellent, and Mr. C. plays the whole ending in a very charming and finished style.

Problem No. 1,368.

BY COL. A. Z. HUGGINS.

BLACK.



White to play and give mate in two moves.

CHECKERS.

To Correspondents.

C. D. BELCHER, Philadelphia.—The position has turned up, but no solution was sent. Please forward.
HARRY STEVENS, Little Rock.—1. Received, and contents noted. Not in Vol. 28.
B. R. RETNOLDS, McKeesport.—1. Position is accepted. 2. Mr. Janvier did not. 3. We think \$2 to be the cost. 4. We do not know where it may be had at present.

REMARKS regarding Game 47, Vol. 28, by Harry Stevens, run thus: "White's second move, 27 to 23, is the true trunk-move, not Barker's. If Black replies 10 to 14 instead of 10 to 15 at eighth move, he should win. Will Mr. O'Grady examine and reply? Will Mr. Barker examine Game 52, Vol. 28, and give an opinion as to 9 to 14 for Black's fifth move? What say Messrs. O'Grady and Northup regarding eighth move in Game 47, Vol. 28?"

THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.—Up to March 30 the match between Messrs. Barker and Reed stood thus: Barker had won three games, Reed one, and thirty-seven had been drawn.

MR. REED'S PLAY IN NEW YORK.—Previous to engaging with Mr. Barker in the present match, Mr. Reed met eight strong players in this city, with the following result: Reed won twenty-three games against all, and lost eight; fifty-five were drawn. Mr. Shaefer proved to be the "hardest nut," winning three games to Mr. Reed's one.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS are hereby informed that the address of H. D. Lyman is P. O. Box 517, Rochester, N. Y. The Book of Problems is now with the printer, and will contain nearly 400 pages, instead of 320, as formerly given.

Game No. 3, Vol. 29.

Played at Cafe Logeling, New York, between Messrs. Arlot and De Frost.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
Arlot.	De Frost.	Arlot.	De Frost.
1. 11 to 15	23 to 19	16. 11 to 16	21 to 17
2. 8 to 11	22 to 17	17. 15 to 18	17 to 13
3. 15 to 18	19 to 15	18. 18 to 22	13 to 9(a)
4. 10 to 19	24 to 8	19. 14 to 14	24 to 10
5. 4 to 11	17 to 14	20. 16 to 23	27 to 9
6. 11 to 15	28 to 24	21. 22 to 25	9 to 6
7. 12 to 16	26 to 23	22. 25 to 30	6 to 3
8. 7 to 11	30 to 26	23. 26 to 28	3 to 6
9. 9 to 13	25 to 22	24. 3 to 7	10 to 3
10. 18 to 25	29 to 22	25. 1 to 10 (b)	3 to 7
11. 16 to 20	14 to 10	26. 10 to 14	7 to 10
12. 2 to 7	11 to 15(a)	27. 15 to 15	10 to 9
13. 7 to 14	19 to 10	28. 21 to 14	31 to 27
14. 6 to 15	22 to 17	29. 14 to 17	32 to 28(c)
15. 18 to 22	20 to 10	30. 17 to 22	27 to 23

Drawn.

16 to 19 would only draw.

NOTES BY EDITOR.

(a) White plays cleverly.

(b) The draw is now beyond cavil.

(c) If White exchanges he loses, manifestly.

Extra Game.

Played by correspondence between Messrs. Reed and Stevens.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
Reed.	Stevens.	Reed.	Stevens.
1. 11 to 15	24 to 19	15. 19 to 24	17 to 14
2. 15 to 24	28 to 19	16. 24 to 28	28 to 23
3. 9 to 14	25 to 16	17. 23 to 17	23 to 17
4. 5 to 9	23 to 22	18. 17 to 19	22 to 17
5. 8 to 11	30 to 25	19. 19 to 24	17 to 13
6. 11 to 16	22 to 17	20. 6 to 10	27 to 23
7. 12 to 16	18 to 15(a)	21. 15 to 18	13 to 9
8. 11 to 15	19 to 15	22. 15 to 18	27 to 23
9. 10 to 19	17 to 10	23. 18 to 27	32 to 28(b)
10. 6 to 15	23 to 5	24. 31 to 34	31 to 19
11. 4 to 8	27 to 20	25. 19 to 27	33 to 19
12. 3 to 6	25 to 22	26. 7 to 11	9 to 6
13. 3 to 7	29 to 25	27. 1 to 10	14 to 7
14. 16 to 20	25 to 21	28. 10 to 14	7 to 3

Drawn.

NOTES FOR STUDENTS BY EDITOR.

(a) The student will profit by following up this to White's ten-move.

(b) The draw is quite apparent.

Solution of Position No. 3, Vol. 29.

BY E. A. MUMSON.
White. Black. White. Black.
1. 32 to 27 22 to 15 3. 21 to 25 31 to 22
2. 31 to 26 24 to 31 4. 25 to 9 Drawn.

Solution of Position No. 4,

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

37-A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Notes—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada must be prepaid; otherwise they are not forwarded.

LADIES' LIST.
Armstrong, Arena
Abbott, Emma
Adams, Jessie
Ashby, Marie
Barrett, Mlle.
Bingham, Flora
Buckingham, Fannie
Loulie
Blitz, Mrs. F. R.
Bowers, Mrs. D. F.
Bridgman, Nellie
Cardamon, Cora (2)
Cushing, Bella
Carpman, Ella
Carver, Ella
Collins, Julia
Conron, Miss E. M.
Clinton, Maggie
Clark, Louise
Clinton, Aggie
Cameron, Josephine (3)
Carrie, Annie
Calhoun, Eleanor (3)
Cobb, Charlotte
Cotton, Viola
Clare, Irene
DeVoy Sisters
Duncan, Pearl
Dennis, Mrs. Lizzie
Dunn, Jennie
Davenport, Fannie
DeCassini, Louise
DeMontague, Mrs. M. (2)
DeOsborne, Fannie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.
Hickey, Jno. M.
Orrin, Geo. W.
Hayward, C. (of Clipper)
Quartette
Homer, Nat.
Hollister, Willie
Hillier, S. M. (agent)
Haviland, M. N.
Haverly, M. J.
Hamlin, Paul
Hemlin, T. M.
Hooley, R. M.
Hewson, J. (of Heywood Bros.)
Hall, Clinton
Hawley, George W.
Hall, J. Oakes
Haley, Tommy
Hill, J. O.
Hirst, W. L.
Hunt, Charles A.
Handyside, C. A.
Howe, C. (of Van Am)
Harris, W. J.
Hamilton, W. (of Leonard's Co.)
Hopper, Jerry
Hunt, H. (of Evan's)
Hummel, W. N.
Hansley, Martin W.
Hodges, Phillips
Haskins, W. J.
Hunt, L. S.
Higgins, W. H.
Henderson, Wm. H.
Haskins, W. D.
Hamilton, Chas. E.
House, C. (date of)
Hart, Frank
Idollette, Wallace
Irving, Harry
"J. A. C." (leader) (3)
Jackson, L.
Jones, Charles A.
Joseph, Enos
Johnson, Harry
Jasper, John L.
King, Frank J.
Keegan, Wm.
Kendall, E. A.
Kersand, Wm.
King, Frank J.
Keen, Tom
Kottrell, F. M.
Kennedy, J. B. (agent)
Keen, Alf
Keating, Frank E. (3)
Kettler, George
Kernell, H. & J.
King Sabro (Japan)
Leon, A. (high-rope)
Lushie, Ben
Lynch, J. J.
Lotto, Fred S.
Lavin, Fred
Leavitt, M. R. (2)
Lester, Ed. (leader)
Lyons, H. P. (agent) (2)
Leland, Matt
Lester, J. C.
Lennox, Geo. H.
Leclair, A. H.
Linton, G. F.
Linton, Guy
Lorella, T. A.
Leonard & Jones
Lester, Harry (rope-walker)
Lashaw Brothers
Merritt, Ed. L.
Merritt, Rich. (2) (16c)
Morris, (of Dan Rice's)
Circus)
McDonald, (of Mass & Drew)
McDonald, Jas. (p. o. mark Leeds, Eng.)
Morris, James Arnold
Mahoney, W. J.
McIntyre & Heath
Manning, Eddie
Meadley, W. J.
Morton, Wm. J.
Monroe, Geo. W.
Murray & Murphy (2)
Merritt, Henry
McDonald, Jas. (p. o. mark Leeds, Eng.)
McCarthy, J. C.
Manning, Tony
Murray, John (manager)
Merritt, Harry
Mace, Clem C. (2)
McQueen, A. G.
Max, John (Dutch "chick")
May, Chas. & Lu-Lu
Morris, George
McClure, Percy C.
Miller, Henry
Merritt, Fred
Martino, Prof.
Mack, Robert
Merritt, Chas. (Denmark)
Nunn Bros. (of Denmark's Co.)
Nobles, Milton
Nutt, Commodore
Newcombe, Robby
Ocar, George C.
Ogden, Josh

Orndorf, H. F.
Orrin, Geo. W.
O'Donnell, Tom
O'Donnell, Chas. 12c.
Orrin, D. C. (2)
Palmer & Earle (4)
Paley, W.
Phad, Conrad
Potter, C. A. (agent)
Plunkett, Charles
Patrick, J. E.
Powers, James T.
"Quackbus"
Raper, John
"Roller" (magician)
Ronald, — (man-ner)
Richard, George (2)
Razilla, George (2)
Ronald, Harry (2)
Ritchey, J. C. (agent)
Ricketts, H.
Ricketts, Harry
Ryan, Paddy
Ricketts Brothers
Roulano, H. (with Z'Zags)
Redmond, J.
Randolph, Joseph (2)
Ricketts, G. (of N. D.)
Rogers, Robert
Sherwood, Morgan
Scanlon, W. J.
Shay, Charlie (man-ner) (6)
Smith, A. C.
Shelton, Wm. T. B.
Sproul, H. M.
Sadler, Tom
Swonbourne, Chas.
Sullivan, E.
Stickney, Sam E.
Smith, — (of Smith & Leopold)
Sweeney, J. F.
Stevens, W. Odale
Spencer, Lew
Smith, Bart G.
Sargant, H. J.
Sexton, M.
Schoolcraft & Coes
Shepherd, Will (of May Fisk's Co.)
Smith, Waldron, Cro.
Sullivan, J. B.
Sells Brothers
Scafar, Alexis
Sheppard, W. H.
Thorn & Darwin (16c)
Trautman, Edward C.
Taylor, H.
Tourne, C. (of Abbey & Hickey's Co.)
Taylor, John
Thompson, Wm. T. B.
Thompson, Deman (2)
Templeton, John
Thomas, Arthur G. Sc.
Three Comique
Vreeland, Chas. W.
Voorhees, D. W.
Wall, George E.
Wells & Sylvano
Willson, — (of B. W. P.)
Wall, Horace
Wall, Chas. B. 9c.
Weaver Jr., H. A.
Leslie, Harry (of Williams & Bully)
Welch, William
Wilson, Joe
Walton, Rich. (2) (16c)
Welch, Charlie
Wallace, J. W.
Wagner, C. H.
Woodson, Harry
Wilson, Francis
Wingfield, Prof. (dogs)
Morris, James Arnold
Mahoney, W. J.
McIntyre & Heath
Manning, Eddie
Meadley, W. J.
Morton, Wm. J.
Monroe, Geo. W.
Murray & Murphy (2)
Merritt, Henry
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Ocar, George C.
Ogden, Josh

For letters received on Tuesday see another page.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

37-QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL TUESDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

S. T. PATLIDGE.—Our candid advice is to use every endeavor to persuade her from going on the stage. If you cannot do so, try to place her in the care of some reputable manager who has a stock company; and there are very few stock companies nowadays. It will be difficult to locate her, for there are almost a thousand applicants for every vacancy; and on the other hand, to place her with a traveling combination is almost certainly to subject her to vicissitudes and hardships that may impair her health at least.

KATE CRIER.—I am not sure that you are not at least two dozen. 2. R. H. Newell is not dead. 3. Amy Sheridan was a burlesque actress. 4. There have been several tagdions who were dancers. Two of them have been in this country. 5. Lotta, Maggie Mitchell and Clara Morris have not played in London or Paris. 6. Marion Booth is the daughter of Edwin Booth's half-brother. 7. We have not space for the others.

A. M. BOWMANVILLE.—We cannot tell you, without writing to the actor or to Liverpool, Eng., what character John S. Clarke played at the Alexandria Theatre, this city, Oct. 17, 1876. 2. See regular column of answers.

Words by ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

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Music by JOE SCHWENKBE.

1. To the chime of li-ly bell, And the bag-pipe of the bee, Trip-pling down the leaf-y dell, Comes my dar-ling un-to me. Wild-wood flow'rs and moss-es sweet, Trod-den by her dain-ty feet, I shall find her there, I know, Where the rip-pling wa-ters flow. Rip-pling wa-ters, sweet and low,

How I love to see you flow,

Soft and low in sil-ver shine, To the war-bling of the birds,

With the hush of twi-light time, And my dar-ling's lov-ing words.

DANCE.

2 Where the grasses kiss the brook, We have built our grassy nook; Such a realm of Love and Flow'rs Is this trusty-plate of ours. What we to each other say, As we dream the hours away, List'ning roses only know, And the rippling waters flow.—CHO.

3 From the noisy world of care We are safely hidden there, Neath the sunlight's golden bars, And the twinkling of the stars. It would seem to me the best There to build my bird's nest; Not one dream of pain to know, By the rippling waters' flow.—CHO.

FIDELITY, Maryland.—A card that size—sixty lines—will cost \$12 for each insertion. 2. No; they put your name on their books only. 3. Several advertise in this CLIPPER from time to time. 4. As a rule, no. 5. Yes; it is hard to secure engagements unless you are well known in the profession. 6. Circus managers usually board and transport their performers.

STURGE, Bucyrus.—There is no Standard Opera-house in this city. There is a Standard Theatre here, and an English-opera troupe is performing in it, but there is no one of that name on the bill. Address him in care of THE CLIPPER Post-office, stating his business on the envelope.

A. G. Fall River.—The Librarian of Congress does not acknowledge receipt of copies in case you copyright a play; but should you neglect to send them in, you may call upon you for one hundred dollars. 2. We know of no one who cares to experiment with the plays of unknown authors.

N. D.—That question was answered last week to "Many Readers, Sidney." 2. We do not believe that a triple somersault was ever turned over horses in Barnum's Circus or anywhere else. 3. It should have read that Kitty O'Neill was the widow of Frank Kern's partner, the question having been: "Was she not the widow of Frank Kern?" 4. J. E. U. Chester. 1. Watch our circus column. 2. At present Madison-square Garden will seat 5,971 persons. 3. P. T. Barnum is not at present building any kind of theatre in this city. 4. We can send it if you will send us the subscription-price, and also the route of that company from time to time.

CHESTER, Columbus.—It was Miss Ellen Cummins who was with Porter and Barrymore when Porter was murdered. She is now traveling with the "Child of the 'Cord of State' Combination." 2. We do not keep a record of the marriages of professional ladies, many of whom do not wish it known to the public that they are married.

FRANK MCH, Mahanoy City.—The Arch-street Opera-house, Philadelphia, used to be called the Park Theatre. 2. She has been married. 3. Very likely, the other has also. We do not care to institute inquiries as to domestic matters. 4. Address in care of THE CLIPPER, R. W. Rondout.—1. Ella Mayo died Feb. 1, 1881. 2. She was not related to Frank Mayo. 3. She was not married. 4. There have been two or three Mabel Santleys. The latest is now playing under her former name of Lida Gardner.

J. S. Auburn.—1. Mrs. Scott-Siddons' maiden name was Siddons. 2. She is a descendant of the famous Sarah Siddons. 3. She married a gentleman named Scott, who thereupon took the name of Scott-Siddons. 4. It would be hard to say where the quotation originated. 5. The name of the play is "The Girl of the Year." 6. This paper in many years. 2. We prefer not to give the address. 3. We cannot place the lady by the initial given. 4. Simmonds & Brown's address is 383 Broadway, this city.

F. W. J.—We never give the salary or receipts any performer receives, unless he makes the matter public himself. It is his private business. Address J. K. Emmet at the Grand Opera-house. He may not object to making his financial business known to you.

V. L. Chatham.—It would be proper to call "Macbeth" a drama. It is a drama, and so is a comedy. Tragedy and comedy, like opera and other entertainments depicting human life in spoken language, are merely different forms of drama.

H. E. H. Boston.—1. Had you read our Australian correspondence, published about monthly, you would have seen that Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Williamson early in February last were to have returned from Tasmania to Melbourne, Australia. 2. They are very clever. 3. J. M. Savannah.—There has been but one E. L. Tilton in the profession in nearly thirty-seven years. He may or may not have played in "The Phoenix." He has been traveling with a "Banker's Daughter" Combination.

R. S. R. Philadelphia.—The quartet "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," by Stephen C. Foster, was published in 1866 by Firth, Pond & Co. The predecessors of the firm of W. A. Pond & Co. this year. 2. We would not advise one of your age to think of learning to become a circus rider. Too many years have elapsed for you to hope to become a star. Defer to your parents' wishes.

NO SIGNATURE.—The Crystal Palace, this city, was burned Oct. 5, 1858. 2. We think the other place was burned about 1854, but are not certain.

R. M. Baltimore.—1. Railroads get all the way from twenty dollars a week to seventy-five. 2. We prefer, as a rule, to avoid giving the names of professionals.

VICTIM.—You can get it by addressing Ed James, whose card is to be found in our business columns.

F. L. Boston.—We prefer not to guarantee the responsibility of companies.

T. K. Brooklyn.—1. We do not know. Doubtless, a mere auxiliary. 2. M. Hengler is traveling alone.

W. W. O. B. Chicago.—J. H. Haverly was proprietor and manager of Haverly's Theatre, Chicago, from August, 1875, for two years.

W. H. D. Adams.—Address either him or Tony Denier in care of THE CLIPPER Post-office.

W. T. M. Flushing.—Cannot say. We have not seen either in a long time.

F. C. Lynn.—Wild Bill was murdered Aug. 2, 1876.

On Friday evening last, at the Bijou Theatre, when James Peakes, in his "Bob-up-somebody" song in "Ole Teller," was cheerfully answered a dozen encores, he was again called for. He advanced towards the footlights as if intending to sing another verse; but suddenly he stood still, and, looking quizzically at the audience, said: "Do you know what day this is?" Then he retreated. Some of us who remembered that it was the first of April felt cheap enough. To Toney for anything—the two Toney, Pastor and Denier, the one at his own theatre on Broadway and the other at the Windsor, where Lester Wallace recently played an engagement. Take them both in this week while you have the opportunity. It is a pity that, when our operatic prima-donnas attempt to reveal among the highest notes, they should be troubled with a near throat. Manager Palmer is to be "Fellio," dated on the escape of "Fellio" from the delectable element. Talking of "Pan on the Rhine," now going on at Haverly's Fourteenth-street Theatre, our boys have a good deal of fun on the road when bananas are cheap. As a spectacle, "Voyagers in Southern Seas" will continue to delight the eye up here until the northern seas something better. See "Steele Mackaye, who has not had an engagement in this city recently, is to have "Won at Last." "That Man from Caltanagru" says in "Guests" that a month. Guess not; three weeks will wind him up in this city. Should Lawrence Barrett's new play of "Pendragon" fail to please the hypercritical critics, the actor will be forced to exclaim: "The pen drag off!" What shall we do when Sarah goes home? Already every paper in the land has had its little joke and its little fling at the expense of the Bernhardt, and she has rarely hit back. The only joke she has fairly and squarely perpetrated at our expense is the realization of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars as her share of the profits of her American campaign.

Oh, what shall we do when Sarah goes home, Sarah goes home, Sarah goes home? Oh, what shall we do when Bernhardt goes home, And carries her treasure with her? We'll hide our heads under our wings, poor things; Wings, poor things; wings, poor things; We'll hide our heads under our wings, poor things, While Sarah goes home with the ducats.

Senator Mahone would make a strong attraction for our variety theatres just now. He might be billed to advantage as the great "change artist." About this time country papers will begin to publish absorbing stories about runaway elephants, and the going to death of hundreds of innocent spectators. The lion and the tiger will also make our newspaper friends howl again. The question now is: Does the circus or a go-as-you-please contention exercise the more deleterious influence on theatrical receipts during the prevalence of the same? When Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels again set sail for Europe, Haverly considered it will be a *forte* passage. [Count 'em—you know.] Out in the Deadwood country the congregation at a variety theatre became unreasonably dissatisfied because the enterprising manager, instead of presenting the tragedy of "Othello," with a strong combination, as he had advertised to do, put on, in place of Shakespeare's grand work, an amateur minstrel show, this being the nearest to Othello's complexion that he could come. The Deadwooders were enraged, and soon they became a seething mass of untamable humanity. They tore up the benches and stoves and bass-drum, and sent 'em a-flying all over the house. The Judge who presided in that region came upon the stage and requested the admirers of Shakespeare to desist and go away peacefully. They turned back their defiance; then he read the Riot Act, which was pronounced as fine a bit of declamation as they had ever listened to; but 'twasn't any use—the boys had been cruelly deceived, betrayed, as it were—and their rage and benches were driven at the Judge's head at the same time, and he retired like one who had been wounded in battle. Then forth came the manager and apologized for the rather unfair change in the bill, by reason of Othello and his crowd being snowbound, and therefore unable to make the connection. He was soon buried under an avalanche of dead wood, bar-furniture and cart-wheels. His feelings were hurt! He was dug out by his stage-hands, and in a few moments, while the din and destruction was still going on, he and his heroes of many a stage conflict reappeared, dragging behind them a cannon, which was pointed at the unruly crowd, and the order given to fire! And they did fire, and the way that complaining audience scampered was like our fellows when they first met the enemy at Bull Run; and ever since that sad night the wounded have been picking pigeon-shot out of one another! And now there is no more dissatisfaction among them when the director of amusement changes his bill. Were he to introduce the head of a New Zealand chief and a Funch-and-Judy crowd, and the order given to fire! And they did fire, and the way that complaining audience scampered was like our fellows when they first met the enemy at Bull Run; and ever since that sad night the wounded have been picking pigeon-shot out of one another! And now there is no more dissatisfaction among them when the director of amusement changes his bill. Were he to introduce the head of a New Zealand chief and a Funch-and-Judy crowd, and the order given to fire! 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Emma Bretto, whose elegant dressing and delightful singing made the hit of the show; John B. Wills and May Adams; Pat Reilly, Nellie Richards, Sanford and Wilson, Crumley and De Forrest and Sid. C. France. Frank I. Frayne is billed to

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

"Devotion, or a Priceless Wife," a drama in a prologue and three acts, adapted from the French by Mrs. S. Lane, was produced at the Britannia, London, Eng., March 14. The period of the prologue is 1798. The French are at war, and an officer, Bernard, being followed by his young wife to the field, is separated from her in a skirmish, and they meet no more. In the excitement and confusion their child is lost, but is at length recovered by the anxious father, who, however, loses all trace of his wife. Marianne has herself been wounded, and, taking shelter in a peasant's cottage, she is accused of taking therefrom a considerable sum of money hoarded by the proprietor, the real culprit being a commercial traveler, Pierre Grandet. Poor Marianne is the victim of his treachery, and is sent to prison. Twenty years elapse between the prologue and the scene of the drama. The obscure, but now risen to high rank, being now a general, but a wound received at the battle of Eylau has blinded him for life, and his only consolation is in the society of his beloved son, Victor, who is devoted to his father, who is engaged to be married. But an obstacle to his happiness is found in the doubts as to his legitimate birth; and, although the General assures the parents of the lady that he was legally married, there is still some hesitation. The General, after seeking Marianne for years, has married again; but his son has reason to suspect that the second wife is not faithful to his father, and circumstances soon prove that his suspicions were well founded. The lady has a secret lover, Gaston De Montclair, and stolen interviews take place between them, and finally Helen consents to fly with him. Victor, discovering that his father's honor is at stake, quarrels with M. Montclair, and duels takes place, in which the son is slightly wounded. Meanwhile, after twenty years, Marianne discovers the General, and meets him once more. Greatly agitated owing to the second marriage, the General implores her to be patient for a time as she makes herself known, in order that he may consider how to act. Marianne, willing to make any sacrifice to be near her husband and son, willingly consents to become a domestic servant under the second wife, and soon wins the confidence and even affection of her son, who is ignorant as yet of her relation to him. Under the excitement of discovery that he is about to fight a duel to defend his father's honor, she confesses herself his mother, and takes the young man into her confidence. The schemes of the treacherous wife continue until the very moment when she anticipates that her lover will fly with her, when she receives a letter from him regretting the part he has played in attempting to deceive the General and his son, and declining to meet her again. Maddened by disappointment, and disgraced in the eyes of all who know her, the wretched woman takes poison, and thus by her own act releases the General from his unfortunate position, and secures the happiness of Marianne and her son.

"Le Klephte" and "Mon Depute" were produced at the Odéon, Paris, March 15. The first-named piece is in one act, and its author is Abraham Dreyfus. The subject is a literary dispute between a young married couple, the husband being an enthusiastic admirer of Victor Hugo, who goes into ecstasies over the poet's "Oriental," and the "Klephte a l'oeil noir" celebrated therein. The wife has a particular objection to the said Klephte, and an endless series of domestic quarrels arises out of this trifling difference of taste. At last matters reach such a point that a separation is imminent, when their cousins, M. and Madame Frabernau, a couple who have always been models of matrimonial harmony, appear on the scene, and exert themselves to bring about a reconciliation. But in exercising their good offices on behalf of their silly relatives they fall out themselves, and M. Dreyfus makes so much fun out of this amusing situation that the audience received the announcement of his name with cordial applause. The other piece is a three-act comedy by Jules Guilleminot and Albert Fontaine, and it proved a decided failure.

"L'Esclavage du Devoir," a five-act drama by M. Valnay, was recently produced at the Chateau d'Eau, Paris. Although the author of "The Slave of Duty," in his desire to produce a sensational scene of the most original character, has in a great degree rendered his piece abhorrent, there are some good situations in the play, and it contains no taint of immorality; but, this being said, nothing can be added in its favor. Andre Hubert has risen from being a simple workman at M. Lardennor's manufactory to the position of engineer. He is a naturally good man, and his employer's daughter, Mme. Antoinette Delamarre, the wife of Octave Delamarre, whose partner he ultimately becomes. The husband is warned by a coquette that a liaison exists between Antoinette and Andre, and appearances are so strong against her that he believes his wife guilty. A terrible quarrel ensues between the two men, and, despite Hubert's protestations, that Mme. Delamarre is innocent, Octave insists on a duel of an absolutely new kind between him and his supposed rival. Andre has invented a system for bringing the most rapidly moving machinery to a standstill instantaneously, and M. Lardennor, with the local authorities, is coming to witness experiments demonstrating its efficacy. Octave desires above all things to avoid a scandal; so, as he considers himself the offended party, he insists on the "choice of arms," and Andre, who has the machine, and will draw lots which is to sacrifice himself, and the loser will allow himself to be caught in the wheels and to be mangled to death. Fate declares against the proposer of this singular combat, but Andre is thus placed in a terrible dilemma. His rival has selected for his execution the machine on which the trial of Andre's new system is to take place. The latter will forfeit his reputation if he allows Octave to be killed, and the jealous husband is so determined to have himself torn to pieces without interruption that he has taken the precaution to remove the lever by which the machinery can be brought to a standstill. At the moment, however, when Octave is about to entangle himself in the wheels Andre's better nature triumphs, and, seizing a sledge-hammer, he breaks the machine in pieces. Octave is finally convinced of his wife's innocence, and Andre is rewarded by receiving the lady's sister as his bride. Moreover, he becomes a partner in the concern, and will reconstruct several machines on his new system, which has been pronounced successful.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—"The World" was revived in Drury-lane Theatre, London, March 14, and at the end of the first act, when Wm. Rigold and Miss Fanny Joseph were bowing in response to a hearty recall, the immense ad-drop fell with a crash upon the footlights, which were at once turned off. Many of the audience sprang to their feet, when Mr. Rigold motioned them to remain seated, and, aided by other members of the company, he removed the mass of canvas.

Mrs. KENDALL had so far recovered from the effects of her recent accident that she made her reappearance in the St. James Theatre, London, March 12, in "The Money Spinner."

MME. ALEXIS of the Vaudeville, Paris, retired from the stage after the performances of March 14, when she was presented by her comrades with a chocolate service in silver. She is in her seventy-first year, and has spent fifty-five years in the active duties of her profession.

THE EMPLOYEES of the Folly Theatre, London, were entertained by J. L. Toole at a supper on March 15.

THE VARIETY SEASON at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, ended March 19.

AN ELEGANT LITTLE VOLUME, memorial, personal and critical, of Adelaide Neilson has been issued in London.

"ARE YOU GOING TO THE BALL?"—Jennie Hill, who played Aladdin in the pantomime in the Grand Theatre, Leeds, to celebrate her success gave an invitation ball; but then the general public had an opportunity of attending by purchasing tickets in the usual way.

MUSICAL.

"The Stores," a merry trifle set to music by Bucalossi and arranged in one scene, owing to authors Edward Rose and Augustus Harris, was produced at Drury-lane Theatre, London, March 14, as a prelude to "The World." It is jokingly styled a "co-opera" because it gets its fun out of the co-operative movement, and its characters are a Cabinet Minister, his daughter, a Leader of Fashion, an Admiral, a General, a Bishop, and a Secretary. It is a very bright, clever, and amusing little piece. The Cabinet Minister is director of the co-operative stores, to which we are introduced on the rising of the curtain. The Admiral, the General, and the Bishop, with some persons of less importance, form the managing committee. The whole of the British army and navy seem to have been requisitioned for store purposes, and persuaded to neglect their proper duties. Here they are—the soldiers armed with feather brushes and the sailors with mops. They are singing a merry chorus when the curtain goes up, and are presently succeeded by the directors, who appear to be proud of their position, for they dance and caper as they gleefully sing:

We're Cabinet Ministers, Bishops and Dukes,
As aristocrats you may jump us;
But now, by the most unexpected of fukes,
We're all of us turned counter-jumpers.

The Cabinet Minister subsequently proposes that he and his colleagues shall introduce their wives as members of the board, but is at once howled down. He finds consolation by singing: "It pays me this keeping a shop." The directors proceed to defy mankind in general and shopkeepers in particular. Presently there is an invasion of the last-named fra-

ternity, who join in a chorus of indignation. They are expelled, and then "Prepare to receive customers" is the order issued. The first customers to arrive introduce themselves with "We're Duchesses come out a-marketing," the directors and their assistants exhibiting their wares, and popping in a responsive "Buy, buy, buy." Then there comes a row of real swells, eager to patronize the matrimonial agency, which is the newest feature of the establishment. "Beauty is our line" is the chorus in which they join; and as recommendations they inform us they have everything but brains. The eligible brides are brought upon the scene, and in chorus they sing "Pop, pop, pop," and recount their accomplishments. The daughter of the Cabinet Minister is to be had for £10,000 a year, and the Leader of Fashion at once responds with "Order a parson for to-morrow week." The secretary of the concern, finding himself "cut out" in this quarter, immediately resigns his position. The irate shopkeepers return to tell how the Cabinet Minister has so neglected his duties in order to trade that there is a foreign army in the Strand. Sure enough, there is, for the Bulgarian troops presently come marching in to take possession, and are only mollified by being offered the eligible damsels above referred to at cost-price.

Gonzalez's New Opera "Le Tribut de Zamora," in four acts, was produced in the Grand Opera-house, Paris, April 1, in the presence of a packed house, and was very favorably received. Since it was originally composed it has been frequently revised and altered. In its pristine form its representation would have occupied seven hours, but by liberal editing it has been reduced to reasonable proportions. A telegram to *The Herald* says: "The plot is laid at some undefined period of the Moorish occupation of Spain, and the action is transferred, as occasion requires, from Zamora to Cordova. There is no overture to the opera. After a short and insignificant orchestral introduction the curtain rises on a bright and sunny scene in the Spanish town. On the right is a palace; on the left is the modest house of Xaima, acted by Mlle. Daran, the soprano. Xaima is a pretty Spanish girl betrothed to a poor Christian adorer called Manuel, represented by M. Seller, the tenor. The marriage is about to be celebrated. There is a rather insipid chorus of townspeople, and presently Manuel appears, singing a pretty serenade under his mistress' balcony. Xaima replies, and all seems smiling, when a flourish of trumpets is heard announcing the arrival of the fierce and redoubtable Moorish chief Ben Said, played by M. Lassalle, the baritone. Agreeably to custom, Ben Said has come in the name of the Caliph to exact a periodic tribute of virgins. Lots are drawn, and Xaima, despite the musical despair of her lover, is carried off to be sold as a slave, and the curtain falls on a commonplace finale. The war-song performed in this act was reduplicated with enthusiasm. The second act transports us to a place outside the ramparts of Cordova, and allows the introduction of a glittering and picturesque cortege. There is a liberal allowance of trumpets and other brass instruments. As in 'Aida,' the brass band on the stage responds to the orchestra before the footlights. Xaima and her companions are put up for auction. There is a furious competition between Marcel and Ben Said. The latter has taken an amorous fancy to Xaima, and finally becomes her master. The act ends with an effective finale. The third act is the longest, and, perhaps, the most interesting in the opera. The scene is a gorgeous interior in the harem of Ben Said's palace. A ballet is introduced. The music is piquant and charming, partly in war-like, partly in a softer and more pastoral key. The instrumentation is ingenious, and the melody occasionally graceful in the extreme. The festive scene is interrupted by a duel between Ben Said and his rival Manuel. The latter is vanquished, and is only spared owing to the passionate intervention of Xaima, who vows she will kill herself if Manuel is slain. The interest is well sustained. In the fourth act an important part is played by a mad woman named Hermosa, represented by Mlle. Krauss. Hermosa had already appeared in the preceding act. Her husband is Xaima's father, and had been killed in battle by Ben Said. The scene is a garden of Ben Said's palace. Hermosa, in a moment of lucid recollection, recognizes her daughter Xaima, and determines to avenge her wrongs. There is a very beautiful dramatic duo for mother and daughter, introducing the motive of the war-song so highly applauded in the first act. In the denouement Hermosa stabs Ben Said, Xaima is restored to her father, and the young couple are allowed to escape unharmful, thanks to the mental infirmity which makes her sacred. The costumes and scenery are singularly picturesque, but there were evidences of insufficient rehearsal in the choruses. Mlle. Krauss won a triumph in her great scene with Xaima, and was twice encored. There were loud calls for M. Gounod, who conducted his opera in person to the end of the performance. Believing that the opera will have a run, a double cast has been prepared:

Hermosa.....	Mme. Krauss.	Mme. Montalba.
Xaima.....	Mme. Daran.	Mme. Dufrane.
Manuel.....	M. Seller.	Mme. Souche.
Ben Said.....	M. Lassalle.	M. Jourdain.
Hadjar Ben Said.....	M. Lassalle.	M. Melchisedec.
Ramir II.....	M. Melchisedec.	M. Lorrain.
Le Cad.....	M. Rabin.	M. Girard.
L'Alcade arabe.....	M. Mermand.	
Un Soldat maroc.....	M. Lambert.	
Un Vieillard.....	M. Bonedey.	M. Melchisedec.

ADELINE PATTI continues to draw good but not overflowing houses to the Nations, Paris, and there is evidently less enthusiasm to hear her than on the occasion of her last visit, twelve months ago.

"THE NAVAL CADETS" was revived at the Globe, London, March 12.

VARIETY HALLS.

THEODORE GORDON, for seventeen years past manager of the Sun Music Hall, London, has retired, owing to a change of proprietorship.

THE CAWTHORNS are at Collins' Music Hall, London.

RATES.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Per annum, in advance, \$4; six months, \$2; three months, \$1, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage extra. Single copies 10 cents each. No deduction to clubs or agents.

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Wednesday morning. The outside pages GO TO PRESS ON MONDAY, and the inside pages on Tuesday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Monday, and all favors should reach us early on Tuesday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Tuesday.

TO AVOID LOSS when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders.

WE EMPLOY NO AGENTS. Send all advertisements and money direct to this office.

Make all orders payable to and address all communications to FRANK QUEEN.

Editor and Proprietor, P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING, 88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

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THEATRICAL SCENERY, New and Second-hand, on hand and to order. Home and Foreign Trade. Send stamp for illustrated circular. L. SEAVEY, 8 Lafayette place, New York.

WEBER'S GERMANIA GARDEN, 85 TO 74 HUDSON STREET, HOBOKEN, N. J. Refined Specialty Artists, adores. ROBT. WARRING. Considerable success, will be mailed on receipt of 5c. Orchestra parts gratis to the profession. 1-17

WASHINGTON HOTEL, OPPOSITE L. V. R. R. DEPOT, SHENANDOAH, PA. First-class accommodation for transient travel. Special rates given to theatrical troupes. 1-12

ROSCOE HALL, LOWVILLE, N. Y. Good show, on Utica and Black River R. R. Correspondence invited. GEORGE SHERWOOD, Lessee and Manager. 1-11

GATHER THE ROSE OF LOVE, by WOODWARD, song and chorus, sung by MR. DEXTER with unbounded success, will be mailed on receipt of 5c. Orchestra parts gratis to the profession. 2-31

THE ASHTONS, STILL ON THEIR SUCCESSFUL TOUR of three consecutive years. The ASHTONS closed their very successful engagement here on Tuesday evening, having received unbounded satisfaction. MR. ASHTON as RIF VAN WINKLE was more than up to the standard, and we found him to be personally as much a gentleman as he was good as an actor.—ASHTABULA, O., SENTINEL, MARCH 19



(From the Daily Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

PERILS OF THE DEEP!

CAPT. PAUL BOTTON'S HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES. "A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE."

SEVERELY SHAKEN BY SAVAGE SHARKS. SUCCESSFUL SHOOTING OF SPANISH WATERFALLS.

THE SWELL SWIMMER'S SIGNIFICANT STATEMENT TO A SEA-SHORE SCRIBE.

LIFE-PRESERVER AND HEALTH-PRESERVER.

(Special to the Inter-Ocean.)

NEW YORK, July 24.—The world-renowned swimmer Capt. Paul Botton, in an interview with a newspaper correspondent at the seashore, related the following incidents in his experience in various parts of the world:

Reporter.—"Captain Botton, you must have seen a large part of the world?"

Capt. Botton.—"Yes, sir, by the aid of my Rubber Life-saving Dress, I have traveled over 10,000 miles on the rivers of America and Europe; have also been presented to the crowned heads of England, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Spain and Portugal, and have in my possession forty-two medals and decorations. I have three times received the order of knighthood, and been elected honorary member of committees, clubs, societies and academies."

Reporter.—"Were any of your trips accompanied by much danger?"

Capt. Botton.—"That depends upon what you may call dangerous. During my trip down the river Tagus, in Spain, I had to 'shoot' 105 waterfalls, the largest being about eighty-five feet, and innumerable rapids. Crossing the Straits of Messina, I had three ribs broken in a fight with sharks; and coming down the Somme, a river in France, I received a charge of shot from an excited and startled huntsman. Although all this was not very pleasant, and might be termed dangerous, I fear nothing more on my trip than intense cold; for, as long as my limbs are free and easy, and not cramped or benumbed, I am all right. Of late I carry a stock of ST. JACOB'S OIL in my little boat—the Captain calls it 'Baby Mine,' and has stored therein signal rockets, thermometer, compass, provisions, etc.—and I have but little trouble. Before starting out I rub myself thoroughly with the article, and its action upon the muscles is wonderful. From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and nothing would ever benefit me until I got hold of the Great German Remedy. Why, on my travels I have met people who had been suffering with Rheumatism for years; by my advice they tried the Oil, and it cured them. I would sooner do without food for days than be without this remedy for one hour. In fact, I would not attempt a trip without it."

The Captain became very enthusiastic on the subject of ST. JACOB'S OIL, and when we left him he was still citing instances of the curative qualities of the Great German Remedy to a party around him.

(Fort Wayne, Ind., Sentinel.)

The Rise of Minstrelsy.

Minstrelsy is peculiarly an American institution. Born on the soil, and bred to please the broad sense of humor characteristic of our people, we find the knights of burnt cork everywhere gladly welcomed, and their efforts to merrily entertain us heartily appreciated. They can almost be regarded as public benefactors, in that their fun-making proclivities really tend to lengthen life—and laughter is, after all, the best health-giving tonic. However, even when engaged in this laudable work, they are subjected to dangers of a severe strain, and in a short time I was entirely cured. I thereupon came with truth speak from experience, and in saying St. Jacob's Oil acts in a marvelous manner I but partly express my good opinion of it.

(Chicago Tribune.)

A Prima-donna and Her Friends.

Mme. Marie Salvini, the famous prima-donna, who charmed the audience at the Wilhelm Theatre concert a few weeks ago, and who, in her understudy, in the company of the famous violinist, upon his tour to California, gave the following testimony on behalf of the remedy: "Having repeatedly had occasion to seek relief in severe cases of neuralgia and rheumatic pains, as well as when suffering from toothache, I find, after many years' trying many remedies, that nothing can compare with St. Jacob's Oil as prompt and reliable cure for the ailments named. A number of my professional friends who have experienced like satisfactory results keep it as a traveling companion, and are also its warm advocates in its praise."

(Valparaiso, Ind., Messenger.)

An Indiana Sportsman's Experience.

One of the finest kennels in this country, and the purest in the West, is owned by Mr. W. H. Holahird, the Sportsman's Clothier of Valparaiso, Ind. In all matters pertaining to sporting practices and science this gentleman's opinion is the ultimate appeal; and his reference to and opinions upon another matter of the very greatest importance, not only to sportsmen, but to every household in the land, are embodied in the following note from him: "We use St. Jacob's Oil in our family in preference to all other liniments. I have tried it in my kennel with wonderful results, and heartily recommend it to the many owners of fine dogs throughout the country as a cure for kennel lameness and rheumatism."

An Audience that "Had Been There."

At a St. Louis theatre recently, says a prominent Western exchange, whilst the play was in progress, one of the lady performers met with a painful mishap which quite disabled her. The hero of the piece, equal to the emergency, called out to one of the ushers to "bring a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil quickly." The thundering applause throughout the entire house, which promptly followed this happy suggestion, was an unmistakable proof of the fact that the audience had "been there themselves," as the expression goes, and experienced the benefits of this wonderful article.

(Chicago Times.)

A Professional Gymnast's Opinion.

A visit was first paid to the Gymnasium connected with the Chicago Athenaeum, which, with a single exception—in San Francisco—is claimed to be the best equipped institution of the kind in this country. Professor C. O. Duplessis, the instructor of gymnastics, stated that it gave him pleasure to say that the St. Jacob's Oil was used in preference to everything they knew of or had ever tried for soreness of the limbs and muscles, sprains, swellings, stiffness, bruises, blisters, etc.; that both the professionals and amateurs had found it "a true and trusted friend." The professor had also seen the happiest results from the use of the oil in cases of rheumatism and similar complaints, and ended by saying: "We recommend it most warmly. The relief it gives is remarkable." And of this tenor are the reports and expressions of opinions coming from the professionals and acknowledged representatives of the ring and arena the world over. Certain it is that such unanimity of statement is susceptible of no other explanation than that the Great German Remedy has proved itself the most wonderful and reliable pain-reliever and balmier the world has ever known.

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ACADEMY OF MUSIC. HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND, will open Oct. 18, 1880. The only theatre in this city, and just built. Seats 700. It has folding-chairs and full set of scenery, painted by Moran of Academy of Music, Baltimore. Address EDW. W. MEALEY, Hagerstown, Md. 3-20

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FORBES' DRAMATIC COMPANY.—This excellent combination played to large and delighted audiences at City Hall on Friday and Saturday evenings of last week and Monday evening of this. Their stay here was prolonged one day owing to the snow blockade, and had they concluded to remain longer crowded houses would have greeted them. We are sure that no dramatic company has for years visited this city which gave as good satisfaction as this one. It is hard to satisfy all, but we have yet to hear of a single person who was present at any of these entertainments that was not well pleased. Each and every member of the company is a fine artist, and under the management of their manager, Charles Forbes, cannot fail to meet with success wherever they go, and the oftener they visit a town the greater will be their success. While here they produced "Our Boarding-house," "Aa Whitecomb," "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Saturday afternoon), and "Black Diamonds," the latter one of the most thrilling and interesting plays ever witnessed. Notwithstanding this play was produced here to a fair audience, many of whom were present at its first presentation. Manager Forbes and his company merit success, and deserve well of the public, and should be encouraged to stay in our city as they will be kindly remembered by our citizens, and receive even better patronage than during their recent visit.—MANCHESTER (IA.) DEMOCRAT, March 23.

Forbes' Dramatic Company gave two entertainments at the Opera-house last week, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The troupe is one of the best that has ever visited Independence. Many of our citizens remember Forbes' first appearance here, several years ago, and were therefore prepared for a rich treat. Others, who upon this occasion saw his admirable company for the first time, were agreeably surprised at the array of histrionic talent he employs. Every member of the troupe is an artist, and almost all of them are capable of sustaining the most difficult roles. As a rule, companies of this size are composed of one or two first-class stars and a host of fourth-rate supernumeraries. With Forbes it is different. Every actor, to secure the employment by him, must attain a certain standard of excellence, and that standard is not a low one, either. He played "Black Diamonds" the first evening, and "Our Boarding-house" the second, and in each salary he was in his audience.—THE BULLETIN, INDEPENDENCE, IA., March 23.

Chas. Forbes, proprietor of Forbes' Comedy Company, has shown the best luck of any manager on the road. The troupe were at Manchester, and were billed for Monticello Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. The railroad was blocked, but the plucky showman hired four horse teams and drivers, and drove through thirty miles of drifts, reaching Monticello in time for the evening's entertainment. That's business. They will be here tonight without fail.—DAILY REPUBLICAN, CEDAR RAPIDS, March 23.

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IMPORTANT TO COMBINATION AND MINSTREL COMPANIES.

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The above hall to be let on terms—sharing or otherwise—to approved novelties. Is one of the most comfortable places of amusement in the Southern Hemisphere, situated in the best portion of the city, splendidly decorated, and with every convenience for comfort, etc., and is always in demand by first-class companies. Now occupied by the Leon Minstrels, who have been performing for over one hundred (100) nights to great business. This establishment is acknowledged to be the most popular in the Colonies. For terms and dates apply by letter (which will be promptly answered) to
 J. C. HAINES,
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SAM K. HODGDON
HUMORIST AND COMEDIAN.

60 WEEKS 60
 WITH
OAKES BROTHERS' CONCERT COMPANY.

RESTING AFTER APRIL 10.
 All communications during the Summer to Box 791, Saco, Maine. 3-12*

THEATRE COMIQUE
TORONTO, CANADA.

JOE A. HUGHES, STANDING-ROOM ONLY AT 8 O'CLOCK. THE COMIEST THEATRE IN TORONTO.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
FIRST-CLASS
VARIETY ARTISTS,

NO WINE-ROOM. NO MATINEES.
 EVERYTHING STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.
 P. R.—I wish it understood by my friends that I am in no way responsible for Mr. Kelly's actions while here.—CHAS. HALEY.
 Artists of ability, write at once. Address as above. 3-12*

TO CIRCUS AND SIDESHOW MANAGERS,
JAMES MARTIN & SON,
 Manufacturers of Circus and Show Canvases, Bunting, Flags, etc., 114 Commercial street, Boston. PRICE-LIST SENT FREE. 1-12*

WANTED, MINSTREL OR NOVELTY PARTY
 FOR STATE FAIR-WEEK,
 commencing SEPT. 5, 1881. Address
 BAYARD & WALKER, Rochester, Minn. 1-12*

TO RENT,
FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE
 AND THE
FOURTEENTH-STREET THEATRE,

DURING JUNE, JULY AND EARLY AUGUST.
 Apply to J. H. HAVERLY,
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SHOWMEN, ATTENTION.
 WANTED, a 6000 canvas, or near that size. Must be in good order and complete. State lowest price.
 WALTERS & BEW, Bridgeport, Ct. 3-12*

WARREN RICHARDS,
HUMORIST,
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OPERA-HOUSE, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,
 for first-class shows only; old, reliable; seats 1,000. Determined to retain its patrons, have reduced rental to a sum which will barely pay expenses. Correspondence solicited. Address
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 COPYRIGHT SECURED.
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 CIRCULARS FREE.
 DIME BANJO MUSIC CO.,
 200 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1-12*ew

VARIETY HALLS.

Continued from page 47.

VARIETY ARTISTS can secure engagements at the Broadway Theatre, Williamsburg, N. Y. Address J. S. Berry, manager. The new people opening at Gilmore's Zoo, Indianapolis, Ind., April 4, are Dick Green, Daniel Bros, Carrie Brown, Bolton and Bradford, Ronalds, Mass and Drew, Alf. Gillette, Frank Melrose and Harry La Rose, Ida Alb. Weaver Bros., Boyd and Sarsfield, Mabel De Verne, Kitty McDermot, Lillie Hall, and Chas. Postle closed 2. Carrie Lewis, who made a hit in her serio-comic songs, was retained. The usual large business continues, more especially at the matinee on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Several new improvements have been made to the front of the house, the entrance now being through what was formerly the monkey room.

THE FRESH OPENINGS at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., April 4, were Rhed Le Clair, Manning and Drew, Lynn Sisters, Madge Aiston, Dollie Foster, Melville Brothers, with Clark Gibbs and Leveno and Dillon retained. This house is now doing a good business. Ed. Foster has secured a lease of the premises, and is sole manager. He is very energetic, and says he will give a first-class show or none. Jas. Green will continue in charge of the stage.

KELLY & RYAN'S "BAND OF TART" COMBINATION opened a week at the Coliseum, Cincinnati, April 4. W. T. Stephens and Minnie Oscar Gray follow in with their company, and Gus Bruno in "The Voyagers" 18.

AT THE GARDEN, Indianapolis, Ind., Gibson and De Vane, Stanford and Russell and Billy Sullivan were new April 4, in addition to those retained. Harry Wharfe closed 2 as stage-manager.

JOE McBRIDE and Georgia Unsworth opened at Brand's Music Hall, Cincinnati, April 4, succeeding Etta Norman, Harry Diamond, Georgia Morris, Nellie and Alton, Dolan Brothers and Billy and Lizzie Hanley, who closed 3, except the Hanley's and Etta Norman.

IN CINCINNATI the District Court have reversed the Common Pleas in the showman's injunction suits, holding that, while the authorities may arrest the proprietors for performing without license, they have no right to "raid" the halls. Under this decision Managers Ryan and Stewart have stood arrested. Their cases were to be heard April 5.

DESPITE increased opposition, Manager Levantine continues to do a strong business at the Novelty Theatre, Albany, N. Y. The arrivals April 4 were Tommy and Maude Morrissey, Mealey and Mackey, Jessie Boyd and George C. Charles. Those who closed 2 were Pat Kelly, Billy McMann, Ada Melrose, and Welsh, Turner and Harris.

ED. C. SMITH of Leopold and Smith is quite ill in Pittsburg, Pa. After the matinee March 26 he was taken suddenly and at once became delirious, requiring the aid of four men to hold him. His partner, Henry Leopold, gave him every attention during the early part of his illness. Mr. Smith's wife—May Vernon—was in Chicago, and, being telegraphed for, came on at once. March 30 he had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. Hopes are entertained of his recovery; but he will not be able to perform this season. As soon as able he will go to his home in Buncyburg, O.

FRANK FRANKLIN in "Mardi" opened at Waldmann's Opera-house, Newark, N. J., April 4, for one week. Miss Annie Van Buren, late leading lady at Waldmann's, has joined the Frayne Combination. The Rents-Bantley Combination departed 2, after having done an extraordinary business.

THE ARRIVALS, as announced, at the Grand Central Theatre, Troy, N. Y., April 4, were Alvie & Rayton, Lou Vayasseur, Connors and McBride, and Vayasseur and De Bar. Departures 2: George C. Charles, John B. Mills, May Adams, Ada Forrest and Morton and Miles.

PROF. H. M. PARKER and dogs, Gallagher and Mack, Belle Clifton, Nino Nelson, Clark Gibbs, Florence May and Walter Bray opened in the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., April 4. Departures not given by our correspondent.

HARRY MINER'S Pat Hooty Combination played in Middletown, Ct., April 4. New Haven 5, going to Waterbury 6, Norwalk 9.

VAL VOSE has been re-engaged by Prof. Herrmann, and will give his clever ventriloquist specialties at the Windsor Theatre, this city, when the party opens there April 11.

KENAN'S MONUMENTAL THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., which is now closed in consequence of the late fire for necessary repairs, will reopen April 18. Combinations are invited to send in applications for time in May and June. See card.

ADRIAN O'BRIEN, who broke her arm in Erie, Pa., as reported in our past issue, is advised by her physicians that she will probably be able to resume business in about three weeks. She expected to leave there for her home April 6.

CHARLES McDONALD, one of the proprietors of the Academy of Music, Erie, Pa., says our correspondent, "skipped the town March 31, leaving salaries for from one to five weeks unpaid." Our Bradford, Pa., correspondent says: "Owing to not receiving a license, Manager McDonald was compelled to close the Academy of Music, Erie, Pa., April 1. Mr. McDonald will resume his old position of business-manager at the Gem Theatre."

THE NEW YORK CELEBRITIES were announced to appear at Harry Williams' Academy of Music, Pittsburg, Pa., April 4, but their title was changed to the European Celebrities, the names being Connors and Kelly, Frank Jones and Alice Montague, the Leona, Lester Howard, Lizzie Hunter, Dick Baker, Gertie Harrington, Dan Sully and Donnelly and Drew. Business fair. The season is to close April 9, the place reopening Sept. 5 under Mr. Williams' management.

THE WENTWORTH SISTERS and John West were to have opened at the Theatre Comique, Richmond, Va., April 4. Departures 2: James Woodville, the Volade Sisters and Eugene Natowitz.

AT THE ATLANTIC GARDEN, Newark, N. J., Luigi Del'Orro, Prof. Dana, and the man-fish C. B. Blatt are the attractions. Voss' full uniformed band was added April 4.

E. J. CROMWELL and Eva Roth were to have opened in the Globe Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., April 3. Departures 2: The Morris Brothers and Prof. M. J. Allen. Our correspondent says: "While Frank McKinstry was on his way to Chicago with the noted dogs Fred and Turk, some parties unknown waylaid him in East St. Louis and deprived him of their custody. The dogs are now supposed to be in St. Louis."

AT THE WOODLAND GARDEN THEATRE, Louisville, Ky., Rhed Le Clair, Madge Aiston, Leon Whetton, Cloyney and Ryan, the three Ronalds, Delph Leveno, Basie Dillon, Joe H. McBride and Georgia Unsworth were to have appeared April 3. At the GAZ THEATRE, Bradford, Pa., the arrivals April 4 were the Clipper Quartet, Manchester and Jennings, Faddy and Ella Murphy, El Nino Eddie, Mabel Pearl and Kitty Sharpe. Departures 2: Nellie Collins, Morello Bros., Topack and Moore, Emma Rice, Frey and Marshall, Lillie Howard, Billy Maloney and Mabel Gray. The four-in-hand and Harry Clarke disappointed March 28.

A. L. WATKINS, the Franklins, Miss Beryl and the Collins Brothers were to have opened in the Crystal Palace Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., April 3. The closures 2 were "Queen" Hertherton, Tom Martin, Chas. H. King, Annie Rushton and Leo and Orville.

JOHN HART, Harry and John Kernell, the Big Four—Smith, Waldron, Cronin and Martin—W. T. Bryant and Lizzie Richmond, Charles T. Ellis, Clara Moore, Howard Dorr and son, Mollie Wilson, T. M. Hengley, Lottie Elliot, Lizzie Conway, John Robinson and J. H. Burridge were the arrivals at Hyde & Behman's Theatre, Brooklyn, L. I., April 4. Frank Frayne and combination closed 2.

ADRIANA GASPARI, Cooper Brothers, Lanza Brothers, George Garland and Cherie Chapman commenced at Harry's Broadway Theatre (Eastern District) April 4. Fanny Herring, Lena Cole, P. C. McDonald, Mungie and Howard appeared April 3. Miss JENNIE CHRISTIE, aubrette, closed a successful six months' engagement at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city, April 2. She is now at liberty, and her address can be found in another column.

AT LONG'S GAIETY THEATRE, Danville, Ill., the new people April 4 were Haley and Flynn, Creamer and Christy, Walton and Denier, James Welch and Lillie De Lange and Miss Susie Wilde. Closing April 4, J. L. Sanford to join Robinson's Circus; the Ringlers and the De Arley Sisters. Business fair.

THE GARNELLAS—Robert and Little Dick—state that they made a big hit in Philadelphia, Pa., with their clever specialties. They played there at Gilmore's Grand Central Theatre during the past week.

HATTIE and BENNIE GRINNELL, at the Mulberry-street Theatre, Newark, N. J., produced their new play entitled "My Wife." From the pen of Mrs. J. L. Sanford for the first time on any stage, April 4. Yankee Robinson, who held the boards for the week ending 2 in his drama "F. V. S." (Fey Funny Vagaries), did only a fair business. Orndorf and McDonald, Emma Hoffman, Chapman and Garland, Amy Nelson, Geyer and Mackie departed 2.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, there was a fair audience April 4. Edie De Rock and T. J. Warren, Lexington Bros., Julia Benton, George H. Keller, Fanny Prestige, Jas. Harrison, Chas. Young, Rita Koller and Harris and Wood giving the show. Frank Schaefer, leader of orchestra, took his annual benefit April 1, when Stiles and Manning, Frank Ward, Murphy and Needham, Dilks and Wade, Eleanor Leonard and Allee Napier, Harry Leon, and Kearney and Mackie appeared as volunteers in addition to the regular company. Attendance moderate.

Continued on page 42.

SWEET SINGERS.

SUCCESSFULLY SCATTERING SIGNS AND

Sorrowful with Swifts and

TELLING TRUE TIDINGS

TOUCHING TRIUMPHS

OVER TORTURE.

MAKING MERRY OVER MANY

MISFORTUNES MYSTERIOUSLY

METAMORPHOSIS.

OPERA O. K.

Harry R. Mahn's far-famed Comic opera Company, after a successful tour through the country, during which engagements were fulfilled in every principal city and large town of the Union from Boston to New Orleans, have just completed a very brilliant engagement at the Chestnut-street Opera-house in Philadelphia. Known as "the handsomest theatre in America," it was this talented comic opera organization that first initiated the American opera goes into the hearts of those charming and extremely popular comic operas "Fatinilla" and "Boccaccio," which have rivaled the success of Offenbach's "Le Grande Duchesse," it is said. The company has been organized nearly three years, and Manager Mahn has gathered about him the best talent that could be found in England or this country, the troupe numbering over 40 singers, several of whom have international reputations.

I went to the Chestnut-street Opera-house the other evening to again revel in the delights of "Boccaccio." The house was filled in every part, and, going in rather late without a reserved seat, I was compelled to stand. Between the acts, while in the lobby of the theatre, I was stopped on the back and greeted with the words "How are you, old fellow?" and turning around I faced Manager Mahn, with whom I am intimately acquainted, but who I had not seen since his opera troupe left New York on their recent tour through the United States. After a short chat, and in answer to a question, Mr. Mahn said: "We have been doing splendidly, and personally I feel first rate; and notwithstanding the terrible weather while traveling, I have even managed to get the upper hand of that old inflammatory rheumatism of mine in the ankles and feet, and can walk about all day now if I want to." I knew "Harry" had been a sufferer, and said to him: "How did you cure your rheumatism?" He replied: "For two or three years past I have tried everything that could be thought of in every city my company has visited, and got no relief whatever; but some months ago I obtained a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil, and its continued use since has had a most wonderful effect." Becoming interested, I wanted to hear all he had to say about the Great German Remedy, and we took seats in the reception-room of the theatre, and he said: "There is scarcely a member of my company who does not use St. Jacob's Oil now for rheumatism or pains of any kind. We could not get along without it. My principal trouble was rheumatic gout, and I suffered intensely, particularly when traveling. I could not wear my boots, and had to limp about in slippers. I could not rest at night, and sometimes was almost beside myself. It is all gone now, and St. Jacob's Oil did the work. I buy the Oil by the quantity, and when I pack my trunk I would as lief think of leaving my linen or hosiery or a good supply of St. Jacob's Oil. That remedy is really a splendid thing in its particular use; and after I found what good it did me, and knowing that several members of my company were sufferers from rheumatic and other pains, brought on mostly by exposure and fatigue during traveling, I went in among them and advised all who had any troubles of that kind to use St. Jacob's Oil, and arranged for a supply of the article. Those who were affected have used the Oil ever since, and with the most gratifying results, as I hear scarcely any now among my people about rheumatism or affections of a similar character."

I said: "Can you refer me to any particular members of your company who have been using St. Jacob's Oil with beneficial results?" He replied: "Yes, I can take you around and introduce you to them if you wish." Knowing the artists were all kindly engaged in their professional duties, I hardly liked to disturb them, and Mr. Mahn came to my relief by saying: "I know each case so well myself that I can tell you all about them."

I then obtained the following facts: Miss Jeanette Winston is the prima-donna of H. R. Mahn's Comic opera Company. This lady is a creature of acknowledged ability, and her singing has delighted enthusiastic audiences in Europe, as well as every State in the Union, and she is particularly identified with the leading roles in "Fatinilla" and "Boccaccio." She is considered the best prima-donna in comic opera on the American stage at the present time. She was born in Scotland, but received her musical education in London, and after singing with success there she went to Australia, and came to this country about five years ago, and the present is the third season of her connection with H. R. Mahn's Comic-opera Co. While in Philadelphia, she stopped at the Continental Hotel. Miss Winston had been a great sufferer from rheumatic pains in different parts of her body, and it was the old, old story—no remedy seemed to do her any good. At times she suffered so much that she was unable to assume her part in the opera, and Mr. Mahn, knowing her condition and remembering the benefits he had received from St. Jacob's Oil, insisted that she should try the remedy. The lady did so, and was delighted with the results. She has been using the Oil constantly the present season, and has been able to appear at every performance; and no sooner knew it was to be relieved of rheumatic pain than she is relieved of it at once by applying the Great German Remedy. Miss Winston is delighted with the Oil, and says she would not travel without having a supply on hand for any consideration.

Miss Rose Leighton is a singer of considerable talent, and received her musical education in London, where she appeared several seasons in succession, after which she came to this country and joined Mr. Mahn's Company, of which she is a valuable member. In "Boccaccio" Miss Leighton sustains the role of Pieronella, and has much difficult music to sing, particularly in the concerted pieces. This lady has suffered much from rheumatic pains since she has been in this country and never found any relief until she commenced using St. Jacob's Oil at Mr. Mahn's suggestion. She has been free from any trouble of that kind since she used the Oil, and considers the remedy a wonderful preparation.

Miss Marie Somerville stands high in the ranks of Mr. Mahn's company and sustains the character of Isabella, Sotterhenge's wife, in "Boccaccio." Like her co-singers, Miss Somerville has been subject to rheumatic attacks, and never knew when it was to be relieved of pain until she commenced using St. Jacob's Oil. Now she is entirely well, and always carries the remedy in her trunk while traveling, in case she should have another attack. This lady thinks there is nothing like St. Jacob's Oil. Miss Mary Booth, a prominent member of the troupe, was so badly troubled with rheumatism that she was unable to appear upon the stage for some time. This lady did all she could to obtain relief, but without success, until St. Jacob's Oil came to her aid, and after using it a short time, she entirely recovered, and has had no return of the complaint since.

The comedian of Mr. Mahn's company is Mr. A. H. Bell, and, in addition to being a singer of considerable reputation, he possesses comic powers of a high order. Mr. Bell has at times, since his connection with the company, suffered so much from rheumatism in his limbs that he was often nearly unable to appear. At last, through Mr. Mahn's recommendation, he commenced rubbing himself with St. Jacob's Oil, and now he never has any rheumatism at all.

Then comes Mr. Vincent Hogan, the stage-manager of Mr. Mahn's company. While in Philadelphia he stopped at the Girard House, and is a London operative singer of reputation. This gentleman has suffered from rheumatism all over his body ever since he came to this country, and spent considerable money in trying to get cured, but it was all of no use, until a few months since he commenced using the Great German Remedy, and he now feels like a new-made man.

But why extend the list of names? Out of the 40 or 45 members of H. R. Mahn's Comic-opera Company at least 30 have used St. Jacob's Oil with excellent effect in rheumatic affections, and when the troupe starts on a tour the members generally would as quickly think of traveling without their wardrobe as without a supply of St. Jacob's Oil. In this presidential plan the company above referred to have very many followers, as there is scarcely a combination in the country, operatic, gymnastic, or spectacular, that goes upon the road unprovided with a most liberal supply of this world-famed pain-de-stroyer.

Observe, for instance, the unequalled recommendation bestowed upon the Great German Remedy by the P. T. Barnum Giant Combination. The owners of this vast enterprise go on to say: "We take pleasure in stating that the Great German Remedy—St. Jacob's Oil—is being used by many ring artists now engaged with 'P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth,' and the International Allied Shows." From its happy effects upon those who have had occasion to employ it, we have no hesitation in pronouncing the St. Jacob's Oil the best liniment which has ever been brought to our notice. It is wonderfully efficacious in subduing pain.

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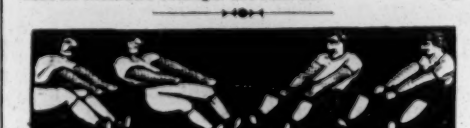
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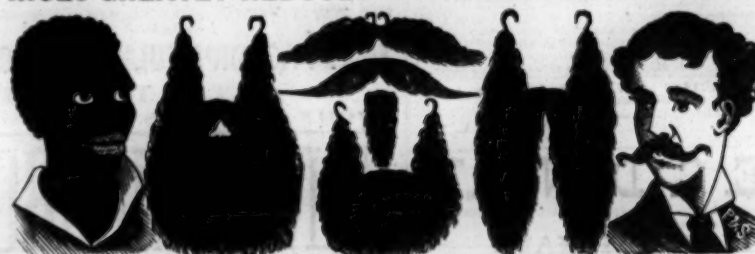
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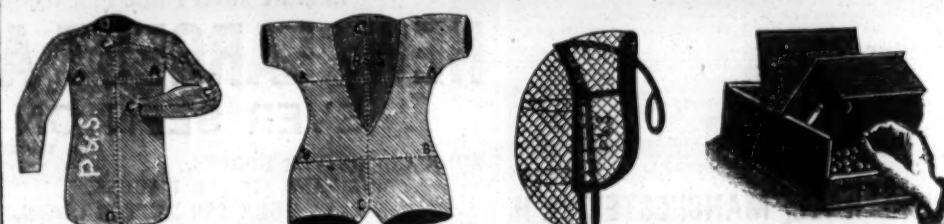
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